

FOR SALE.

For Sale—Houses.

FOR SALE—HOUSE 5 ROOMS AND barn, near car line, \$650. House 6 rooms, \$800. House 7 rooms, \$975 st. near Main, \$2000. House 4 rooms on Pearl st., near car line, \$1400. House 6 rooms on 27th st., near Grand, \$2400. House 7 rooms on 61st st., near Main, \$2900. House 10 rooms, choice location, cost \$15,000, will sell for \$8500, owner being East.

LEO A. HILLIN,
OTTO BRODTBECK,
113 S. Broadway.

FOR SALE—\$1700; FINELY APPOINTED 41-room lodging house, paying good money for room; location best in city for Eastern tourists.

\$1200—23 rooms, completely furnished, including fine piano; located near Spring and First st.; room, \$10; a regular money maker.

\$1200—20 rooms, newly furnished, near new Courthouse; paying over \$1000 per month.

F. M. SPINGER,
105 N. Broadway.

FOR SALE—ONE OF THE \$10,000 most elegant homes in the city, now finely improved, being 100x100 feet; this property is sold at a sacrifice to close an estate.

For an elegant home in this city you will never have an opportunity again.

G. W. CONNELL, 112 Broadway.

FOR SALE—\$1250—\$2500.

New and elegantly furnished; bath; one of the prettiest homes in the city; lot 50x140 on clear side of street and finely improved; \$1250. Ask for me.

5th and Spring. Apply to OWNER, F. M. SPINGER,
105 N. Broadway.

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G. W. CONNELL, 112 Broadway.

FOR SALE—A FINE HOME: 7-ROOM house, newly built, all modern improvements, situated on a large lot, large stable, good brooder, chicken coop, fenced all around; lawns, flowers, trees; everything in fine order; 6 minutes' ride on electric car line, 5th and Spring. Apply to OWNER, F. M. SPINGER,
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FOR SALE—AND FOR SACRIFICE, fine residence, nicely adapted for "entertaining," 10 rooms, modern conveniences; situated on a large lot, within 500 feet of electric cars. ROBERTSON & ALLEN, 113 S. Broadway.

FOR SALE—SMALL BUT COMFORTABLE residence on lot 164x185; near the corner of 5th and Broadway; 10 rooms, \$1250 per month. Price is taken at only \$2200. This is a great sacrifice; but the owner has pressing demands for money. NOLAN & SMITH, 228 W. Second.

FOR SALE—A NICE 5-ROOM RESIDENCE, near the corner of Main and Washington sts. Large and well-improved lot. If sold at \$1200, \$800 nothing; nothing less than \$2000. NOLAN & SMITH, 228 W. Second.

FOR SALE—\$1000 CASH, AND \$1000 UP, within 5 years at 6 per cent. but not more than 10 per cent. bath, closets, etc., now rented in flats; a cottage or lot clear, will be taken in part payment. Apply to OWNER, F. M. SPINGER,
105 N. Broadway.

FOR SALE—A NICE 5-ROOM RESIDENCE, near the corner of Main and Washington sts. Large and well-improved lot. If sold at \$1200, \$800 nothing; nothing less than \$2000. NOLAN & SMITH, 228 W. Second.

FOR SALE—\$2600; \$1000 CASH, \$2600 cash, balance 1 and 2 years. \$2600 will buy an elegant 7 room, 2-story house, bath, piano, etc., on a large lot, lot 10x140, beautiful lawn and flowers; a lovely home, and no mistake and a big bargain. G. W. CONNELL, 112 Broadway.

FOR SALE—\$1400 WITH PREMIUM, a cottage of 4 rooms and bath, close in and in good neighborhood; this is the best buy on the market for party that wants a nice home, but not a large one. New. Old 130 S. Spring st., room 7, OWNER, F. M. SPINGER,
105 N. Broadway.

FOR SALE—MODERN 10-ROOM house, every convenience; 60-foot lot, finely improved; bath, cistern, etc.; on a large lot, \$1200. Ask for me. NOLAN & SMITH, 228 W. Second. Tel. 523.

FOR SALE—\$2000—\$100 CASH, \$2000 cash; beautiful cottage and bath, extra room, with shrubbery and flowers; a perfect gem of a home, 9th st close to Figueroa. G. W. CONNELL, 112 Broadway.

FOR SALE—THE BEST BARGAIN. A 10-room house, 8 rooms and 60-foot southwest corner, north of 30th st. and within 300 feet of Grand ave.; only \$2500. THE PIRTE REAL ESTATE & TRUST CO., 228 W. Second. Tel. 523.

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THE TIMES-MIRROR COMPANY,

PUBLISHERS OF THE

Los Angeles Daily Times, the Sunday Times, and the Saturday Times and Weekly Mirror.

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Classified Line Advertising Today.

First page.....	No. 42
Second page.....	225
Third page.....	292
Fourth page.....	21
Total.....	580

Number of columns, 14.

THE SAN FRANCISCO TRAFFIC ASSOCIATION refuses to admit to membership any man who rides on a free pass.

THE OJAI is the name of a new, little, neat paper published at Nordhoff, Ventura county, by Leverick H. Messick.

THE recent ignorant and malapropos comments of leading London journal on the Chilean difficulty have won for it the new designation of The Blunderer.

A new use for electricity has been devised by fishermen of San Diego, it is said. Several incandescent electric lights are lowered into the water with a large seine beneath them. Fish are attracted by the mysterious glare, and, when the operators above see that they have a good haul they heave away. The catches are reported very large. This reduces the catching of fish to something like an exact science. What is the matter with San Diego trying this same scheme on tenderfeet "in bathing?"

THE address promulgated by the Traffic Association of San Francisco seems to have been drawn in a spirit of fairness, and if it means what it says, the movement is all right. It declares that the association "proposes to deal with transportation companies, through its committee and commissioner, on business propositions as business men, and it hopes by business-like methods to secure such freight rates and transportation facilities as will afford the producer, manufacturer and merchant of California an enlarged market for their products, manufactures and merchandise." This is exactly what the whole State wants. If, on the other hand, the proclamation is only a blind to cover a movement for San Francisco's old-time special privileges in railroad freights, that is what the State does not want and will not tolerate. The San Francisco Examiner sounds the keynote when it says: "The era of monopoly on this Coast is ending, and the roads will have to accommodate themselves to the conditions of an era of competition. If they can do that there is no reason why they should not meet the Traffic Association on friendly terms."

EVIDENCES are multiplying that Senator Stanford's literary bureau is already working on salary and is getting its fine Italian hand in practice for the Presidential year. Dispatches and bits of political gossip are continually going out from San Francisco, and they pop up in eastern jamboree papers that would be most likely to swallow the bait of a political bureau. For example, here is one of them published by the Fort Worth (Tex.) Gazette:

Senator Stanford's plans for the Farmers' Alliance nomination for President of the United States are well laid. The ticket will be Stanford and Polk or Stanford and Morgan, and Stanford has already at work in his interests some of the best political managers and manipulators in America. These managers, come from their own way about matters, they would procure for him the Alliance nomination, and then urge his claims upon the Republican National Convention as the sure road to Republican victory. This is not idle talk, but embraces the scheme that is said to be in active working order throughout the United States. There are able and skillful politicians who are only too anxious to serve the Senator as long as he foots the bill.

Senator Stanford will not pose as a weaker after the nomination: he is to aspire for that; but he wants it to come to him in the form of a mighty uprising of the farmers of America in his behalf. If they should not rise to come shouting, the Senator can say he was never a candidate, and never indulged even a dream of being one.

The craftiness of such traveling squibs as this is only appreciated by those who know the paid Bohemian in the woodpile who gets them up.

THE directors of the Public Library are now prepared to receive applications from young women desirous of availing themselves of the advantages offered by the training to be obtained in a course of study in library work. There is but one training school in the country, which is located at Albany, N. Y., and it is overburdened with applications for admission from every part of the United States. Those who are fortunate enough to graduate from it after taking a course of four years study, experience no difficulty in obtaining remunerative employment. Librarianship has come to be recognized as a distinct profession, and those who expect to become proficient in the various branches of the work it involves, find it necessary to devote considerable time and patient study to that end. In the same degree that a Normal school is useful in fitting their work, the library school fits the student to intelligently supply the public demand in the different departments of literature, and to aid the inquirer in his search after knowledge. Such an opportunity as is now offered by this library while not attempting to afford a complete course of study, will be of inestimable advantage to the young student as a liberal education, and in acquiring a new and growing profession. It is confidently expected that this new departure will result in a further improvement in the workings of the library, and thus increase its usefulness in the services of the public.

THE second generation of poets, including Longfellow, Bryant, Lowell, Emerson, Holmes, Saxe and their contemporaries, is almost gone. Whittier remains with us as almost the sole representative, and Whittier has been touched by the arrow of death.

Noting these facts, and jumping at once to the conclusion that there is no later generation of poets who offer a reputation worthy the honor of the Columbian ode, the two most prominent newspapers of San Francisco have joined in a suggestion that Walt Whitman, "the good, gray poet," so called, be selected. Whitman is contemporaneous with Longfellow, Bryant, and the others named above, and he enjoys a wide reputation, it is true, but the old, old question recurs. Is Whitman a poet? Some litterateurs of prominence (among them Dante Gabriel Rossetti) hold that he is. Some of our English friends think that Whitman is the most characteristic of American poets—that, in fact, he has founded a distinctive school of American poetry. But here comes in a serious query: Is it possible for any school of verse to be established which defies every known rule of prosody—which ignores the canons of all the poets gone before? We think not, unless the fundamental rules of the language are to be reconstructed. A writer who contributes a biographical sketch of Whitman to the American Magazine of Poetry says of his "Leaves of Grass": "It is not plain, straightforward

prose, neither is it poetry in the ordinary technical sense." Bryant evidently did not consider Whitman a poet, for in his "Library of Poetry and Song," which embodies selections from every prominent writer of English verse up to ten or twelve years ago, Whitman has no representation.

If we are to make critical judgment of a man's writings, deciding the question whether they are poetry or not, we must appeal to first principles. What is poetry? A thousand times the question has been asked and answered variously. But we are tempted to formulate still another definition.

Poetry is a metrical expression of thought that appeals to a sense of harmony in the human mind.

That is a platform broad enough for any poet and for all poets. It includes poetical expression in any language, of any degree of excellence and of any form.

We think that Whitman does not stand on that platform. His writings disclose some ideas which are undoubtedly sublimated beyond the purview of prose, and may thus be denominational poetical, but they are not metrical expressed. On the other hand his thoughts are frequently anything but poetical, and are not always lucidly or grammatically stated. So far from being good poetry, his writings are sometimes not even good prose. The fact that Whitman's composition is broken up into lines, each beginning with a capital letter, after the manner of poetry, cuts no figure. It is a mere meretricious trick of the types, and means nothing except affectation. Other people have written as bad "poetry" as Whitman, but no other has gained such a reputation from his writings. By the same token, other "philosophers" have been as eccentric as George Francis Train, but a good many of them have been safely stowed away in the insane asylum.

By way of example, we will give a selection from Whitman, which is sometimes quoted as one of his masterpieces:

BEGINNERS.
How they are provided for upon the earth (appearing at intervals.)

How dear and dreadful they are to the

How they injure to themselves as much as to any—what a paradox appears their age.

How people respond to them, yet know them not,

How there is something relentless in their fate all times,

How all times each other the objects of their admiration and reward.

And how the same inexorable price must still be paid for already at the full original price agreed upon.

It is possible that there is undue excitement and apprehension on the part of these citizens, and that the difficulty is exaggerated; but the people most concerned say otherwise, and declare that they are not only fighting for their assailed property rights, but making a contest which concerns other sections and other peoples of Southern California, who are occupying lands partitioned from Spanish grants.

The contest is certainly one of the first importance to the people of this thrifty and enterprising community, and to all others similarly situated.

Order should be preserved, but public indignation has the right to have vent; and the homes of honest settlers must be protected by that mighty power, Public Opinion, acting upon and through our courts of law.

As to the Poets.

AN ODE to celebrate the occasion of the forthcoming World's Fair is under consideration, and, naturally, the American press takes much interest in the subject. One newspaper suggested that Tennyson, the poet-laureate of England, be invited to prepare such an ode; but this idea immediately called forth the protests of patriotic editors who believe that America should be able to furnish her own poet to celebrate her own holiday. We are not certain that a World's Fair, to commemorate a matter of such world-wide interest as the 400th anniversary of the discovery of America, ought to warrant such provincial restrictions. The event might be idealized in verse with perfect propriety by either an English or a Spanish poet. But, since America has the directing hand in this festival, we may be excused for giving way to a selfish patriotism and reserving the honor for one of our own bards. Indeed, it would look like a confession of weakness or a lack of confidence in American verse-makers if we were to send the invitation to another country.

THE field being thus narrowed by common consent, the question arises, What American poet?

The first generation of American poets—meaning those who first achieved a world-wide reputation—passed from the scene of action long ago. They were represented by Edgar Allan Poe, John Howard Payne, Washington Allston, Richard Henry Dana and others of their day.

THE second generation of poets, including Longfellow, Bryant, Lowell, Emerson, Holmes, Saxe and their contemporaries, is almost gone. Whittier remains with us as almost the sole representative, and Whittier has been touched by the arrow of death.

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How they injure to themselves as much as to any—what a paradox appears their age.

How people respond to them, yet know them not,

How there is something relentless in their fate all times,

How all times each other the objects of their admiration and reward.

And how the same inexorable price must still be paid for already at the full original price agreed upon.

It is possible that there is undue excitement and apprehension on the part of these citizens, and that the difficulty is exaggerated; but the people most concerned say otherwise, and declare that they are not only fighting for their assailed property rights, but making a contest which concerns other sections and other peoples of Southern California, who are occupying lands partitioned from Spanish grants.

The contest is certainly one of the first importance to the people of this thrifty and enterprising community, and to all others similarly situated.

Order should be preserved, but public indignation has the right to have vent; and the homes of honest settlers must be protected by that mighty power, Public Opinion, acting upon and through our courts of law.

As to the Poets.

AN ODE to celebrate the occasion of the forthcoming World's Fair is under consideration, and, naturally, the American press takes much interest in the subject. One newspaper suggested that Tennyson, the poet-laureate of England, be invited to prepare such an ode; but this idea immediately called forth the protests of patriotic editors who believe that America should be able to furnish her own poet to celebrate her own holiday. We are not certain that a World's Fair, to commemorate a matter of such world-wide interest as the 400th anniversary of the discovery of America, ought to warrant such provincial restrictions. The event might be idealized in verse with perfect propriety by either an English or a Spanish poet. But, since America has the directing hand in this festival, we may be excused for giving way to a selfish patriotism and reserving the honor for one of our own bards. Indeed, it would look like a confession of weakness or a lack of confidence in American verse-makers if we were to send the invitation to another country.

THE field being thus narrowed by common consent, the question arises, What American poet?

The first generation of American poets—meaning those who first achieved a world-wide reputation—passed from the scene of action long ago. They were represented by Edgar Allan Poe, John Howard Payne, Washington Allston, Richard Henry Dana and others of their day.

THE second generation of poets, including Longfellow, Bryant, Lowell, Emerson, Holmes, Saxe and their contemporaries, is almost gone. Whittier remains with us as almost the sole representative, and Whittier has been touched by the arrow of death.

Noting these facts, and jumping at once to the conclusion that there is no later generation of poets who offer a reputation worthy the honor of the Columbian ode, the two most prominent newspapers of San Francisco have joined in a suggestion that Walt Whitman, "the good, gray poet," so called, be selected. Whitman is contemporaneous with Longfellow, Bryant, and the others named above, and he enjoys a wide reputation, it is true, but the old, old question recurs. Is Whitman a poet?

Some litterateurs of prominence (among them Dante Gabriel Rossetti) hold that he is. Some of our English friends think that Whitman is the most characteristic of American poets—that, in fact, he has founded a distinctive school of American poetry.

But here comes in a serious query: Is it possible for any school of verse to be established which defies every known rule of prosody—which ignores the canons of all the poets gone before?

We think not, unless the fundamental rules of the language are to be reconstructed. A writer who contributes a biographical sketch of Whitman to the American Magazine of Poetry says of his "Leaves of Grass": "It is not plain, straightforward

prose, neither is it poetry in the ordinary technical sense." Bryant evidently did not consider Whitman a poet, for in his "Library of Poetry and Song," which embodies selections from every prominent writer of English verse up to ten or twelve years ago, Whitman has no representation.

If we are to make critical judgment of a man's writings, deciding the question whether they are poetry or not, we must appeal to first principles. What is poetry?

A thousand times the question has been asked and answered variously. But we are tempted to formulate still another definition.

Poetry is a metrical expression of thought that appeals to a sense of harmony in the human mind.

That is a platform broad enough for any poet and for all poets. It includes poetical expression in any language, of any degree of excellence and of any form.

We think that Whitman does not stand on that platform. His writings disclose some ideas which are undoubtedly sublimated beyond the purview of prose, and may thus be denominational poetical, but they are not metrical expressed. On the other hand his thoughts are frequently anything but poetical, and are not always lucidly or grammatically stated. So far from being good poetry, his writings are sometimes not even good prose. The fact that Whitman's composition is broken up into lines, each beginning with a capital letter, after the manner of poetry, cuts no figure. It is a mere meretricious trick of the types, and means nothing except affectation. Other people have written as bad "poetry" as Whitman, but no other has gained such a reputation from his writings. By the same token, other "philosophers" have been as eccentric as George Francis Train, but a good many of them have been safely stowed away in the insane asylum.

By way of example, we will give a selection from Whitman, which is sometimes quoted as one of his masterpieces:

BEGINNERS.
How they are provided for upon the earth (appearing at intervals.)

How dear and dreadful they are to the

How they injure to themselves as much as to any—what a paradox appears their age.

How people respond to them, yet know them not,

<p

POMONA AROUSED.

Great Excitement Over a Land Question.

Numerous Meetings Held by Indignant Citizens.

The Action of P. C. Tonner and Dr. Nichols Denounced.

The Quit-claim Scheme Declared to be Blackmail—Strong Resolutions Adopted—Talk of Mob Violence.

The excitement at Pomona over the action of P. C. Tonner and others in having deeded to E. Burr, Jr., of Connecticut, quit-claims to certain lands lying near that city, is increasing hourly, and the citizens are united to a man in the movement now in progress, looking to the stopping forever of this and similar schemes in the San Jose Valley.

The Citizens' Committee of Fifteen of the most public-spirited and respected citizens of Pomona selected at the large mass meeting Thursday evening, held two sessions on Friday, the first to define their policy and the second to confer with P. C. Tonner and Dr. B. S. Nichols, president of the Pomona Land and Water Company, the latter being the father-in-law of E. Burr, Jr., and who is believed to have transacted the business for Burr in making the transfer.

The committee reported at a mass meeting held Friday night at the Opera-house, when the hall was crowded with the business men of the city, that every member of the committee had been present at its two sessions, and that Mr. Tonner, after promising to meet the committee, had failed to do so; that in the conference with Dr. Nichols he would not commit himself further than to state that he was aware of the transaction at the time of its occurrence, and that he would do all in his power to further the interests of Pomona.

A number of citizens addressed the mass-meeting, and a great deal of feeling was aroused.

A committee of 200 of the leading citizens was appointed, and the meeting adjourned to Saturday evening.

THE DAY MEETINGS.

The Committee of Two Hundred held a meeting in the Opera-house at 10 o'clock yesterday, which resulted in another mass-meeting. The interest is so great in the matter that business was practically suspended during the hour of the meetings, and business men generally attended the sessions at the Opera-house.

At the morning meeting, lasting two and a half hours, the history of the trouble was rehearsed and strong and decisive addresses were made.

A sub-committee of five was appointed to prepare statements of facts respecting the quit-claim titles clouding so many of the lands of Southern California through the Mexican grants, and to present such statements in suitable form to the people. Another sub-committee, or executive committee, was appointed to visit other points in Southern California and endeavor to get the whole people to unite with Pomona in ridding the country of these sort of schemes.

At the meeting held at 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon—amounting to another large mass meeting—the sub-committee appointed for the purpose of bringing P. C. Tonner and Dr. B. S. Nichols before the committee, reported that the former had left town, and that Dr. Nichols requested a committee of three or five to consult with him at 5 o'clock, to endeavor to make the proper transfers to clear some of the titles involved. A committee of five was appointed for that purpose.

LAST EVENING'S MEETING.

Excitement was running quite high at Pomona last night at 5:30 o'clock, when a TIMES whistler reached the scene. People were grouped about the streets in twos and threes, discussing the matter, and a large crowd had gathered around the office of the Pomona Land and Water Company, where a special committee of five consisting of Messrs. J. E. Packard, J. D. H. Browne, F. J. Smith, W. Davenport and F. L. Palmer were waiting on Dr. B. S. Nichols.

The crowd was anxiously awaiting the result of the conference, but no one seemed to believe for a moment that anything favorable to the citizens would come of the meeting. The committee did not leave Nichols until 6:30, and as soon as they reached the sidewalk they were surrounded by an anxious crowd, but they got no satisfaction, as the committee told them they would report their interview with Dr. Nichols at the meeting in Opera Hall.

The doors of the hall were thrown open at 7 o'clock, and in a few minutes every seat was taken, and at 7:30 when Chairman O. J. Browne called the meeting to order, there was no standing room in the hall, and a number of people had to content themselves with standing room on the sidewalk.

Mr. Packard, as chairman of the committee of five that had been appointed at the afternoon meeting to wait on Dr. Nichols, arose and read a lengthy report of the meeting. Mr. Packard said that as soon as they entered Dr. Nichols' presence and made known their business, he told them that if they were there for the purpose of making demands they had better retire as soon as possible. The committee informed him that they were there for the purpose of trying to induce him to "do what is right between man and man," and that was the only demand they had to make. The Doctor replied that he would not entertain such a proposition under any circumstances, and he left the room, but soon returned, and was asked if he believed the Burr-Tonner deed is just and right, and that it he believed it was done for the best interests of the community. [Groans and hisses from the audience.] The Doctor stated boldly to the company that he believed, when he first heard of the Tonner claim, that it was a swindle, and up to date he had not been convinced that the claim is just, although an attorney in whom he has the utmost confidence told him that he believed Tonner's claim can be established. The Doctor finally stated that he would gladly use his influence with Tonner and the Connecticut man to induce them to make the price for the settlers as low as possible. [This statement brought forth more hisses and groans from the audience.]

Mr. Packard continued, and stated that the committee asked Dr. Nichols: "What can be done to settle the dispute?" He replied that the excitement can do no good, and both the public and his own feelings have been outraged. [Hisses, boos and groans from the audience.]

The committee did all in its power to get out of him how much Burr paid Tonner, and also what Burr would take, but they could get no satisfaction whatever. Dr. Nichols stated that he has but little faith in lawyers. The committee could get no satisfac-

tion out of Nichols, and finally withdrew.

The report of the committee was unanimously adopted, after F. J. Smith and Mr. Brown had made statements confirming Mr. Packard's report.

Low mutterings could be heard all over the hall, but no one made a move, and the next business before the meeting was the reading of the report on resolutions, which was read by Mr. Packard as follows:

STRONG RESOLUTIONS.

WHEREAS, B. S. Nichols has practically confessed before the committee of fifteen his connection with P. C. Tonner and Mrs. Palomares in the pretended conveyance of certain lands and a mortgage to E. Burr, Jr., of Connecticut, his son-in-law; and whereas, this action of the said Nichols is being a party to the infamous transaction places him outside the pale of loyal citizenship and loses him the confidence and respect of the public; and whereas, the public fully believe that B. S. Nichols is of the three conspirators who have attempted to destroy our homes and rob us of our land; and whereas, the evidence all points to the fact that B. S. Nichols, as president of the Pomona Land and Water Company, is attempting, in connection with P. C. Tonner and Mrs. L. A. de Palomares, to becloud the titles to land and water in this city, and to do the same to the benefit of our citizens; and whereas, the title to our lands which we have possessed or controlled by the three conspirators, has absolutely no foundation whatever, either in law or equity, but is an attempt to sell the land twice and extort money from us by means of strong legal right; therefore,

Resolved, that we hereby denounce as robbers and blackmailers all who have connected themselves therewith.

Resolved, that we call upon P. C. Tonner and Mrs. Palomares to remove the clouds over our lands which has been placed thereon by them.

Resolved, that we call upon the Pomona Land and Water Company to cease using the money which we are paying into their treasury for the purpose of stealing our lands.

Resolved that in the feeling which now exists, and which is widespread and deep-seated, unless the tension is removed by Tonner and his associates, we cannot hold ourselves responsible for the actions of this community,

JOHN E. PACKARD,

JAMES H. TODD,

S. M. HARRELL,

FRED J. SMITH,

J. D. H. BROWNE.

MORE HOT DISCUSSION.

F. L. Palmer said he thought the water company should not be included in the resolutions, as he was told that the company, as a company, has taken no part in the matter, and do not sanction the acts of Dr. Nichols.

Messrs. Smith, Browne and Packard stated that Dr. Nichols and his family own or control almost all the stock of the company and he is responsible.

THE RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED.

Loud cries for a vote on the adoption of the resolutions shut off all further speaking on the subject, and the resolutions were adopted unanimously.

At this stage of the proceedings it was announced that a deputation of two, consisting of Messrs. J. E. Packard and F. J. Smith, would at once proceed to Los Angeles and consult with known friends there regarding the land troubles that are liable to grow out of the Mexican grant schemes.

A motion to sign the resolutions unanimously was put and carried, and the deputation designated to go to Los Angeles excused themselves, and took the last train for this city.

MOB TALK.

There was more or less talk about mobbing both Tonner and Nichols, but the presiding officers of the committees and meetings frowned down everything of that kind, and told their followers that the time had not yet arrived for violence.

Night before last, at midnight, or just after the meeting adjourned, a band numbering over 100 armed themselves with tin cans, clubs and various other implements and marched to Dr. Nichols' house, which is an old adobe building.

A terrible racket was kicked up, and several windows were smashed, but no attempt was made, as near as can be learned, to enter the house. When it was learned that the male wing of the family were not at home, the crowd left.

They knew that Tonner was not in town, so they did not go near his house, but all kinds of threats were made against him, and a number of people kept a sharp lookout for him all day.

He has been spending his nights at a ranch house in the foothills since the trouble began, but would drive in early every morning. Yesterday he did not show up until 1 o'clock in the afternoon. He was accompanied by a strange man who was fully armed with pistols and rifles. The two drove up to a gunsmith's, when Tonner took in a lot of ammunition and the two drove hurriedly out of town, and Tonner has not been seen since. It is the opinion of the indignant citizens that he had better remain away.

It is believed by people who are not taking part in the trouble that both Nichols and Tonner will have to take up their residence in some other locality unless they repair the wrongs with which they are charged.

The old story as to Tonner's acts with a young girl nineteen years ago, when a mob was organized and a rope secured to hang him, was revived on the streets yesterday, and he was roundly abused on all sides.

Tonner spent a night in the police station of Los Angeles recently.

ANOTHER ACCOUNT.

Last Evening's Mass Meeting—Additional Resolutions Adopted.

By Telegraph to The Times.

POMONA, Nov. 7.—[Special.] At the mass meeting of the citizens this evening the house was packed. Though there was stout determination depicted on the countenances of those present, as well as voiced in their speeches, the meeting was orderly throughout. The action taken by the committee of two hundred was endorsed by the meeting.

The Committee of Five, appointed to consult with Dr. Nichols, upon his request reported that the conference resulted in very little gain to the citizens, as the Doctor persisted in maintaining his position that he was acting for the best interests of the people of Pomona.

When told that the people of Pomona demanded that he should do what was right between man and man in this matter, he refused to entertain the proposition. He declared that lawyers, as a class, are a thoroughly unscrupulous set. The committee could report but little gained by their conference.

In view of these facts the Committee on Resolutions offered the resolutions [given in the report above], which were carried with a roar. The citizens assembled agreed to sign the resolution.

After several speeches condemning the action of P. C. Tonner, in collecting large sums of money from the purchasers of property in the disputed district, the following motion was carried by a unanimous vote:

That this meeting demands that all money collected by P. C. Tonner from the property owners to clear title be returned, and that all water rights be deeded to Mr. Tonner.

The committee did all in its power to get out of him how much Burr paid Tonner, and also what Burr would take, but they could get no satisfaction whatever. Dr. Nichols stated that he has but little faith in lawyers.

The committee could get no satisfac-

tion out of Nichols, and finally withdrew.

The report of the committee was unanimously adopted, after F. J. Smith and Mr. Brown had made statements confirming Mr. Packard's report.

Low mutterings could be heard all over the hall, but no one made a move, and the next business before the meeting was the reading of the report on resolutions, which was read by Mr. Packard as follows:

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TIGHTENING THE COIL.

More Evidence Against the Colfax Train-wreckers.

Lower Freight Rates on California Dried-fruit Shipments.

A Salinas Constable Kills a Woman Who Assailed Him.

A Writ of Prohibition Temporarily Suspends Proceedings in the Case of Assemblyman Bruner—Other Coast News.

By Telegraph to The Times.

AUBURN, Nov. 7.—[By the Associated Press.] The train-wrecking case was resumed this morning. The first witness was Sheriff Stanley of Sacramento county. He stated that the Roberts boys were brought to Sacramento by Constable Dycer and Officer True. He knew of no commitment.

Special Officer True testified that Al Roberts gave as a reason for suspecting his brother that he were always planning to have him away. Jeff said he did not go to the scene of the wreck till about 9 o'clock.

He said it was not his habit to seek out any excitement. The two brothers were brought together and Al accused Jeff of the crime. He said he had seen Jeff and Jo Campbell and Indians plotting. Jeff said it was a lie. Witness stepped up to Al near the scene of the wreck, and asked: "Who was with you when you committed this crime?" He started to cry, and said: "My God! Must I give my brother away?" When asked who else was with him, he said Jo Campbell, John Roberts and Indians.

Nearly all forenoon was spent by the attorneys for the defense in cross-examining Officer True.

Mrs. McDaniels of San José, a passenger on the sleeper Santa Cruz, testified as to her treatment at the time. She was not sure she recognized Al Roberts. Al told her that he restored to her a scarf pin.

This afternoon further testimony as to Al Robert's confession was given and a letter from him to his father, in which he said his brother Jeff had wrecked the train, was read.

WANT THEIR PAY.

A Receiver's Keepers Whose Claims Remain Unsatisfied.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 7.—[By the Associated Press.] The Examiner in a lengthy article this morning states that the salaries of P. H. Cahill, and fifteen other keepers who were appointed by the Superior Court in February, 1890, to assist the receiver placed in charge of the American sugar refinery have not been paid, although Attorney-General Hart's contention that their claims were not valid was decided adversely to him by the courts last month.

The keepers' claims for remuneration for services amount to some \$10,000, and the Examiner states that one Theodore Metzler has offered to negotiate a settlement for a consideration of 20 per cent. of the amount of the claims. The Examiner contends that Metzler in his interviews with claimants made a statement that the compensation he was to receive for collecting the money had to go to other parties, and Metzler is quoted as saying that the Attorney-General is one of the parties. In an interview last night, however, he denied using the name of the Attorney-General in such connection.

LOWER FREIGHTS.

The Rate on California Dried Fruits to be Reduced.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 7.—[By the Associated Press.] E. P. Vining, chairman of the Transcontinental Association, sent a telegram to William A. Bissell of the Atlantic and Pacific, today, stating that he had secured the cooperation of lines in the Central Traffic Association in the matter of a dried-fruit date reduction. This means that California dried-fruit shippers can send their fruit as far east as Chicago for the new "postage-stamp" rate of \$1.40 per 100 pounds. The Eastern Trunk Line Association, controlling the lines between Chicago and New York, has not yet signified its willingness to participate in the reduced rate, but railroad people here believe that it will yet do so. The Central Traffic Association will not consent to a reduced rate of \$1 per 100 pounds on canned goods for which California shippers have been working so earnestly, as it says there would be "nothing in it" for its roads when it came to divide up \$1 with other lines in the transcontinental chain.

A DOMESTIC TRAGEDY.

An Angry Man Shoots His Wife and Attempts Suicide.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 7.—[By the Associated Press.] Charles Vest, a lumberman, aged 30, shot his wife at the Brooklyn Hotel this afternoon, and then turned the pistol on himself in an attempt to commit suicide. West went east three months ago to purchase lumber. A week ago he met his wife in Salt Lake City, and she said she intended to leave him. He induced her to return to this city, but they subsequently separated. He met her on the street this afternoon, and induced her to accompany him to the hotel where the shooting occurred. It is believed he will recover, but the woman's condition is doubtful.

A DESPERATE WOMAN.

Shot and Killed by a Constable While Resisting Arrest.

SALINAS, Nov. 7.—[By the Associated Press.] Constable McCarthy today shot and killed a woman while trying to arrest her and her three sons. The woman and her sons stole some provisions from a Portuguese's house, and when overtaken by the officer the sons commenced firing at him. McCarthy was shot through the arm and leg, and when the woman started for him with an ax he shot her dead. He then retreated for help. The boys have disappeared.

Female Counterfeits Arrested.

ST. PAUL (Minn.), Nov. 7.—A dispatch from Spokane says: "Deputy United States Marshal Dryden of Idaho arrived here today from Sand Point with a female counterfeiter, Annie Campbell, whom he is taking to Boise City. On being searched she was found to have several spurious \$5 gold pieces made of lead, gold washed. It is believed she is a tool used by two Sand Point saloon keepers to circulate coin made by them.

Elisor Hallidie's Report.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 7.—A. S. Hallidie, appointed a few days ago elisor, by Judge Wallace to select the names of seventy-two persons to serve as trial jurors, made his report today. Judge Wallace excused them until they might

be wanted. Among those chosen by the elisor are: Columbus Waterhouse, Louis Sloss and A. W. Starbird.

Got Off with Manslaughter.

TUCSON (Ariz.), Nov. 7.—The jury after being out eighteen hours and standing ten for murder and two for acquittal, returned a verdict of manslaughter against George Reed for killing James Farrell at Nogales a year ago. Reed is 60 years old, and this excited the sympathy of the jury and stopped a verdict for murder.

Bruner's Case Continued.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 7.—When the matter of the hearing of the argument on the demurral to the indictment against Elwood Bruner was called this morning, Judge Wallace said that, as he had been served with a writ of prohibition from the Supreme Court, the cases would be continued until further notice.

From Reno to Lake Tahoe.

RENO (Nev.), Nov. 7.—Early in the spring there is to be a direct road built from Reno to Lake Tahoe. Surveyors are now in the field. In connection with the road to Tahoe William Thompson is getting up a stock company for building a \$100,000 hotel to be put on the site of the present Riverside Hotel.

Baseball.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 7.—Another close game was played here between San Francisco and Sacramento. The latter won by a score of 3 to 2.

SAN JOSE, Nov. 7.—Oakland and San José played a great game here today, San José winning by a score of 5 to 1.

Run Off the Track.

OROVILLE, Nov. 7.—A train for Knight's Landing, from Oroville, ran off the track near Palermo this morning, stopping the 6 o'clock train for Marysville. No one was hurt.

High Silver Ore Found.

OROVILLE, Nov. 7.—A rich silver discovery is reported near Lott's Lake, this county. This is the second within a few days.

A CELESTIAL SHOOTER.

Chew Sin Jan Runs Amuck in San Francisco.

A Policeman Shot Dead and Another Man Fatally Wounded—The Mongol Thought People Wanted to Rob Him.

By Telegraph to The Times.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 7.—[By the Associated Press.] Special Police Officer John Gillen was shot and killed this afternoon by a Chinaman named Chew Sin Jan, who also shot and probably fatally wounded Joseph Cowell, a milkman, beside wounding G. Barberi, a restaurant-keeper. The Chinaman was walking along the street when a wagon driven by John Smith and John McGrey, two young men, passed him. They made some remark which angered the Chinaman, who drew a revolver and fired a shot which struck Cowell, who was also in the wagon, in the left breast, near the lung.

A crowd gathered about the Chinaman and Officer Gillen hastened to the scene. As he approached Chew Sin Jan raised his revolver again, and fired squarely at the officer, the bullet striking near the heart. The Chinaman then started to run, with a great crowd in pursuit. Among them was Barberi. Chew Sin Jan halted, and fired over his shoulder, wounding the latter in the thigh.

The Chinaman then turned into Montgomery avenue, and was making for Chinatown when he was seized by two teamsters. One of them threw his overcoat over the Chinaman's head and threw him down. The latter fired through the coat, but missed. Police officers came up, and the Chinaman was taken to jail. Here a second revolver was found upon him with its five chambers still loaded. Five hundred dollars in gold was found in a canvas belt.

The Chinaman claims that he had just arrived in this city with his wages from Sacramento, where he had been working, and that when he was surrounded by the crowd he was afraid the money would be taken from him.

Gillen was a brother of Sergt. Gillen of the regular force, and had been a special officer for about a year. He was 24 years of age, and was engaged to be married to a young lady in San José.

A Successful Business Man.

S. C. Dodge, formerly president and general manager of the Los Angeles Planing Mill Company, is again in the business, having bought the Ninth-street planing mill from Messrs. Hughes Bros.

Mr. Dodge is a very skillful mechanic and efficient business man, as he has proven by his past record in this city.

PERSONALS.

E. Dunham of La Canada was in the city yesterday on business.

J. E. O'Brien, manager of the Hotel Brewster, San Diego, is in the city.

J. Everett Birch, owner of the Good Hope mines, is in the city, accompanied by his wife, and is staying with his son, George Birch, formerly a resident of Los Angeles, visiting friends in the city. He

The case was then continued, for argument, until Wednesday afternoon next.

DIVORCES GRANTED.

Judge McKinley yesterday severed the matrimonial tides which bound two unhappy wives to their husbands, Mrs. May E. Mullin being granted a decree divorcing her from Lawrence Mullin on the ground of desertion, and Mrs. Ella D. Armstrong being accorded a like privilege on account of the failure of C. M. Armstrong to provide for her.

Max Meyberg was called by the defense in sur-rebuttal, and controverted

Smith's statement as to a certain conversation, in which he averred that Meyberg referred to Hellman as having already squandered \$23,000 in baseball and other escapades.

The case was then continued, for argument, until Wednesday afternoon next.

STOVES, RANGES, TINNING and PLUMBING.

Hardwood, Tinware, Graniteware, Rubber Hose and Agricultural Tools.

Gas, Gasoline and Oil Stoves, Household Furnishing Goods, Gasoline and Oil.

SOLE AGENT FOR THE WEIR STOVES.

Lower prices than anywhere else on this coast.

TELEPHONE 418.

THIS IS OUR WAY OF FITTING GLASSES

The careful and proper adjustment of frames is as important as the correcting of lenses. We make the scientific adjustment of glasses and frames, our specialty.

WEAR THEM AND THEY WILL NOT HURT YOUR EYES.

Full stock of artificial eyes on hand. Glasses ground to order on premises.

G. G. MARSHUTZ, Scientific Optician,

229 S. Spring st., Theater Building.

COURT NOTES.

This is an action to quiet title to a

plot of land about sixteen feet wide,

claimed by plaintiff to be a part of

block 268 in the city of Santa Barbara,

and by the defendant, to constitute part

of Gutierrez street, which was declared

open according to a map showing the

survey made by Haley in 1851.

COLUMBUS BUGGIES.

Thirty-five more of these celebrated vehicles consisting of four-wheeled carriages and buggies just received.

HAWLEY, KING & CO.

PERSONAL.—We give two pounds of granulated or cube sugar free with every pound of tea, also with every dollar's worth of coffee. DISCOUNT TEA CO., 230 S. Main.

IF YOU WANT ORANGE, OLIVE, LEMON or other fruit lands, on long time, read adv. of W. P. McIntosh.

LADIES particularly are invited to try a cup of Red Seal tea at Seymour & Johnson Co., 218 S. Spring st.

COLUMBUS BUGGIES.

COFFEE, green or roasted. We have just what you want. W. Chamberlain & Co., 230 S. Spring st.

WE WOULD LIKE your opinion on Red Seal tea. Stop in at Seymour & Johnson Co., 218 S. Spring st.

QUICK WORK WITH HOY.

Convicted of Forgery in Just Eight Minutes.

Sensational Developments During Yesterday's Proceedings.

The Missing Witness Stump Turns up and Testifies.

The Hellman Examination Finally Closed—Four Divorces Granted—Supreme Court Decision—General Court News.

The trial of the case against John C. Hoy upon the charge of forgery preferred against him by O. A. Stassforth, was resumed before Judge McKinley and a jury in the courtroom of Department Two, the quarters allotted to Department Six not being ready for occupancy, at 10 o'clock yesterday morning.

Somewhat contrary to general expectation the defaulter, the witness, J. K. Stump, put in his appearance, and was at once called upon by the Court to explain why he had not responded to the subpoena served upon him before the trial. Being unable to state any good or sufficient reason therefor, he was placed under bonds in the sum of \$500 to appear on Monday morning and show cause, if any he had, why he should not be punished for contempt of court.

He was then called to the witness stand, and examined on behalf of the defendant. He testified unblushingly to the effect that after Hoy's arrest, Morris M. Green told him that he had authorized Hoy to mortgage his place in his name because his wife was very much averse to mortgaging the place, and that she would make trouble if she knew of it, and that he (Green) would be responsible for the money obtained on the mortgage.

A sensation was caused by the admission, extracted from the witness on cross-examination, that he had induced Mr. and Mrs. Green to spend the day at his house on August 27, the date on which Hoy personated Green, when Stassforth went in to inspect the property.

The defendant, John C. Hoy, then took the stand, and on his own behalf testified briefly to the effect that Green authorized him to make and sign the mortgage for the same reasons stated by Stump. Furthermore this, however, the witness refused to go, and all attempts to extract information from the old man as to Baker's complicity proved futile.

With this flimsy defense, Hoy's counsel closed their case; and the prosecution called Morris M. Green in rebuttal. He denied emphatically the statements made by both Stump and Hoy as to his having authorized the latter to mortgage his property. He created another sensation by adding that after Hoy had been arrested, Stump came to him on September 6, and asked him to "let up" on the prosecution of the case against Hoy, as he (Stump) was implicated, and would get into trouble over it. Stump also suggested that if Mr. and Mrs. Green wished to make a trip abroad, all their expenses would be paid, provided they left immediately.

Mrs. Sarah Jane Green corroborated her husband's testimony, and testified that there was a homestead on the property which was corroborated by Deputy County Recorder W. F. X. Parker.

This closed the case, which was briefly argued pro and con by the respective counsel, and submitted to the jury at 8:30 o'clock. That body, much to the surprise of all concerned, returned into court about eight minutes later, with a verdict of guilty as charged; whereupon the Court fixed Wednesday morning next as the time for the passing of sentence upon the defendant who was remanded to the custody of the Sheriff meanwhile, and adjourned for the day.

THE HELLMAN EXAMINATION.

The preliminary hearing of the Marce Hellman embezzlement case was resumed by Justice Stanton yesterday, and after occupying his attention almost all day, was concluded, so far as the testimony was concerned, at 5:45 o'clock.

Jacob B. Waldeck was called and examined for the defense, and corroborated the testimony given by the Meyberg Bros. as to their interview with Smith, at which he was present.

L. W. Knight, a clerk formerly employed by the defendant, was briefly examined as to a certain policy, and the defense then rested its case.

In rebuttal the prosecution called W. F. Clark and H. H. Smith, who denied the statements made by the defendants' witnesses, and reiterated their former testimony.

Max Meyberg was called by the defense in sur-rebuttal, and controverted

Smith's statement as to a certain conversation, in which he averred that

Meyberg referred to Hellman as having already squandered \$23,000 in baseball and other escapades.

The case was then continued, for argument, until Wednesday afternoon next.

THE HELLMAN EXAMINATION.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

PASADENA.

Business Transacted by the City Council.

The Board of Trade will Entertain Distinguished Visitors.

The Valley Hunt will Open the Hunting Season Soon.

Tournament of Roses on New Year's Day—Y. M. C. A. Anniversary—Personal Notes—Local News in Brief.

[The Times is delivered and distributed in Pasadena at an early hour every morning. The branch office is at No. 50 East Colorado street.]

A regular meeting of City Council was held yesterday. Mayor Lukens presided, and all the members were present.

The minutes of the last meeting were read and approved.

A communication was read from Willibell Thomson, stating that the Board of Trustees of Calvary Presbyterian Church on Columbia street had decided to accept a cash payment for damages done the church property by storm water, the amount of such payment to be left to the City Engineer to decide.

A resolution was passed leasing the sewer farm south of Alhambra to Johnson and Ford for a period of two years from date, the city to receive one-third of the crops grown on the land during such time.

Ordinances providing for the establishment of the old grade of Madison avenue, between Colorado and Walnut streets, and of Walnut street between Raymond and Madison avenues, were read for the first time and laid on the table.

A communication from property owners and residents was read, calling the board's attention to the bad condition of California street, west of Orange Grove avenue. The property owners, who have been on the street so as to make it impassable and dangerous, in which case the expense of repairing it will be materially increased. The matter was referred to the Committee on Streets and Alleys, and the City Engineer to investigate and report upon.

The public librarian's report for October contained the following statements: The library is open from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. in the room on Sundays from 2 to 5 p.m. Circulation, 1,740; number of books added during the month, 14; subscription list for month, \$156; receipts from subscriptions, \$39, from fines, \$4.25; total receipts, \$43.25. The report, together with that of City Tax Collector McLean for October, was referred to the Committee on Auditing and Finance.

A number of the property owners on Madison avenue, between Colorado and Walnut streets, petitioned for permission to grade this portion of the thoroughfare at their own request. The petition was granted.

The report of City Recorder Rose for October showed two cases with fines amounting to \$8. It was referred to the Auditing and Finance Committee.

A committee, composed of Mayor Lukens and Trustees Simpson and Clarke, was appointed to confer with Supervisor Cook with reference to the purchase of ballot boxes, books, etc., as are necessary by the new election law.

Mrs. A. K. McKinney was granted a rebate of \$5.50 on taxes; F. B. Clark was granted a rebate of \$2.75.

A communication was read from Miss Haase, assistant public librarian at Los Angeles, concerning a meeting of the Board of Trade on certain evenings to classify the books of the Pasadena public library for the consideration of \$5 per evening, including expenses. The letter set forth that the total expenses will not exceed \$25. The matter was referred to the Committee on Public Buildings and Grounds.

The Audit and Finance Committee recommended the payment of bills amounting to \$40,000, and also that \$10,000 be transferred from the sewer fund and \$3,500 from the fire and sewer sinking fund to the general fund. The report was adopted, and the necessary warrants were ordered drawn.

BOARD OF TRADE MATTERS.

A meeting of the directors of the Board of Trade was held yesterday morning, Vice-President J. A. Buchanan presiding. Other members of the Board present were: T. P. Lukens, M. E. Wood, C. C. Brown and R. Williams.

The meeting was called, Mr. Buchanan said, to hear the report of the committee with regard to the publication of the pamphlet descriptive of Pasadena. M. H. Weight reported that 10,000 copies will cost about \$700, of which \$450 had been subscribed. An additional 10,000 copies could be printed for \$250. On motion of the committee it was voted to proceed with the publication of the pamphlet. The Board of Trade Committee, in connection with the Committee on Printing and Advertising, pledged themselves to secure the necessary funds.

A communication addressed to President W. U. Masters was read from General Manager of the Terminal railroad, inviting the members of the board, and their families to participate in the annual excursion to Long Beach and San Pedro on Saturday next. The train will leave at 1:15 o'clock, and will return at 6:30 p.m. The invitation was accepted, and the secretary was instructed to notify Mr. Burnett to that effect.

On Friday the secretary was instructed to extend an invitation to the members of the Boston Fruit and Produce Company to visit Pasadena. They will form a Raymond & Whitcomb excursion party, and are scheduled to arrive in Pasadena the latter part of February next.

J. S. Mills, local representative of the Terminal, was present, and stated that a party of prominent business men—officials and stockholders of the Rio Grande and Western road—will visit Southern California from the 15th and 30th of this month. Mr. Mills emphasized the importance of this visit as probably being a preliminary step to the building of a new trunk line to this Coast, and suggested that a local committee be appointed to receive and entertain them. The idea was very favorably received, and the following committee was appointed: W. U. Masters, J. S. Mills, C. C. Brown, M. H. Weight, R. Williams, and J. A. Buchanan.

Meeting then adjourned.

SPUR AND SADDLE DEVOTEES.

A regular business meeting of the Valley Hunt was held on Friday evening at the Carlton parlor. President F. C. Bolt presided. The minutes of the last meeting were read by the secretary, Mrs. Dr. F. F. Rowland, and adopted. E. H. May submitted his report as treasurer, showing the organization's funds to be in satisfactory shape.

The following names were proposed and adopted to active membership: Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Wright, Mr. and Mrs. Grinnell, Mrs. I. B. Winslow and Miss Carrie Stevens. It was decided to hold the first hunt of the season on Saturday next. An early start will be taken by the riders, and at 1 o'clock lunch will be served at the Painter picnic grounds near Devil's Gate.

On Saturday the Tournament of Roses will be held on the New Year's day. Mr. Kayser, representing the Committee on Grounds, reported that the choice rests between the Gentlemen's Driving Park and the Wilson pasture, southeast of town. A liberal offer has been made for the use of the latter place, but no decision will be made until the driving club association is heard from. Everything will be conducted on a liberal scale, and the tournament will surpass in every respect either of the two previously given.

After some other business of minor importance had been transacted, dancing was indulged in for two hours. Through the generosity of Mr. Bolt, the floor of the parlor had been covered with carpets, and Brockway's orchestra was present to supply the music, making the occasion altogether enjoyable. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Bolt, Mr. and Mrs. B. M. Watkins, Mr. and Mrs. Dr. F. F.

Rowland, Mr. and Mrs. Gilmore, Mrs. Kimball, Mitchell, McCloud, the Misses Cole, Miss Hall, G. F. Granger, E. Kayser, T. M. Livingston, N. W. Bell, W. R. Staats, E. H. May and Dr. H. H. Sherf.

PULPIT AND PEW.

At the Christian Church this morning the pastor, Rev. T. D. Garvin, will preach on: "The Value of Religious Assemblies," and in the evening his theme will be: "The Power of Temptation." Tomorrow evening Rev. Mr. Garvin will lecture in the new Church of God, 10th and Wilson streets, Los Angeles, on: "The Grand Triumphs of Protestantism." A deep interest has been awakened in this church, largely through Mr. Garvin's earnest and untiring work. More than twenty persons have united with the church during the series of meetings now in progress.

Dr. N. H. Fox will preach this morning at the First Presbyterian Church on: "Our Country for Christ." The evening subject will be "Joseph at Dothan," it being the second of a series of evening discussions to young people.

At the Universalist Church this morning Rev. Dr. Conger will state his views on the proper keeping of the Sabbath, with special reference to the matter of keeping it at home. It will be open on Sundays. This is a subject which has excited widespread discussion, and Dr. Conger's view will be awakened in this church, largely through the local pastors and addressers on the work of the association for young men. There will be solo, quartette and chorus singing.

BREVITIES.

Mrs. Harry Wyatt was in town yesterday. A number of the Pasadena Masons met to Monrovia last night, and assisted in instituting a new local lodge there.

A regular meeting of the People's Society for Ethical Culture will be held at 3 o'clock this afternoon at the home of Optima. C. F. Harris will read an original paper. Good music is expected.

Company B will leave on the 5:25 terminal train for Los Angeles this evening to attend evening service with other companies of the regiment at the Episcopal Church. The members will wear full dress uniforms.

This will be the last day of the Advent camp meeting, on South Fair Oaks avenue. The projects for the day will be as follows: 10 a.m.—"The Opened Eye"; 2:30 p.m.—"The Sabbath Question Answered"; 7:30 p.m.—"Redemption."

The Children's Home Society have on their hands a bright four-year-old boy, for whom they desire a Christian home. Dr. J. R. Townsend will furnish any desired information. Three months' trial will be given at the end of which time a legal adoption of the boy will be effected.

Guy Hardison of Santa Paula, one of the students at Throop University, while exercising in the basement on Friday evening ran into a post and was knocked backward on his head, suffering what was at first feared would prove dangerous injuries. Yesterday he was better and his early recovery is expected.

O. W. Kyle was decided, in connection with O. L. Steele, Mr. Taylor, E. F. Pasch and C. W. White, to produce an open soon by Los Angeles talent, in one of the theaters of that city. The first rehearsal will be held on Tuesday evening. A number of the leading singers of Los Angeles have signified their intention of taking part.

VENTURA.

The Political Pot on the Point of Boiling Hard.

Report of the Grand Jury—Ex-Officers Must Pungle up—Santa Paula Water Company.

Politics in Ventura will fairly begin to boil in a few days now. Last night fifty or more people met in the Masonic building and agreed to nominate the following ticket: Board of Trustees, Arnett, W. V. Miller, R. C. Sudden, Sylvan Shaw and F. Hartman; Town Marshal, James Daily; Town Clerk, J. F. Newby, the Republican nominees. The name of "Citizens' Ticket" will be used. It is argued that the old, or present set of officials, which were nominated by the Republicans at their regular convention on Thursday is friendly to the Santa Ana Water Company, and for that reason a fight on those grounds will be made. It is very probable that an interesting fight will be made.

The report of the grand jury, which was made public Thursday night, states that peace officers have no support in enforcing the laws against saloons, and that it appears public sentiment is very much with the latter class. They also report that no law exists for the county to pay the under Sheriff \$100 a month, and recommend that action be brought to recover the amount of \$100, which the claimants have never accounted for. This deficiency is due, it is said in the report, to the because of carelessness and insufficiency held during his term of office. Both the Sheriff and the County Clerk state that there will make a defense if an action is brought.

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SANTA BARBARA.

Gould's Suit Against the Montecito Water Company.

The Issues Raised in the Case by the Contestant.

An Important Decision by Judge Cope Yesterday.

He Says the Supervisors Have No Right to Determine the Compensation of Constables and the Law is Unconstitutional.

[The Times conveys news to Santa Barbara twenty-four hours ahead of the San Francisco papers. The branch office is at 133 State street, where advertisements for the paper and news items may be left.]

In the case of the people vs. the Montecito Water Company in the Superior Court here, yesterday, the demurrer was argued and taken under advisement by the Court. This is a case in which one, George H. Gould, who has been seeking to gather in all the water rights existing in this county from the Rincon to Point Conception, appears as relator in the action.

The Montecito Water Company stands in the way of Gould's absorbing the waters of the Hot Spring and Cold Spring creeks, in the Montecito Valley, and this action is brought for the purpose of dissolving the corporation on the grounds that it is a violation of the state constitution.

The stockholders of the Montecito Water Company are the riparian proprietors of the waters of Monticello Creek and its tributaries, the Hot Spring and Cold Spring creeks, and was organized for the purpose of storing and distributing the waters of said creek, which it has been doing for the past three years. The parties along the creek except Gould, failed to acknowledge the same.

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H. A. Marquett and A. H. Wilson are at the Arcadia Hotel, Santa Monica.

Fred A. Hines, the Hotel Register man of the Pacific slope, is down from San Francisco on a brief visit.

Rev. Henry P. Higley, D. D., of Beloit, Wis., will preach this morning at the First Congregational Church.

There will be services at St. John's Church, corner of Berendo and Adams streets, at 11 a.m. and 7:30 p.m.

The usual promenade concert by Douglas's military band will take place at Westlake Park this afternoon.

The Los Angeles Building and Loan Association, No. 209 South Broadway, are issuing their second series of stock.

The proceedings of the State Board of Trade, of October 13, which have been issued in pamphlet form, have been received.

There are undelivered telegrams at the Western Union Telegraph office for H. W. Arbuckle, Thomas C. Ramirez, Miss Lizzie Seiburs, Miss Ottie Trescott.

Chief Moore was busy yesterday afternoon with the church apparatus. The result of the tests will be announced at the next meeting of the commissioners.

An alarm was rung in from box 31 at 11 o'clock last night for a small blaze in the basement of the Crocker Building on Broadway, a pile of greasy rags having been accidentally ignited. Damage nominal.

First Congregational Church, corner Sixth and Hill streets. Pastor, Rev. G. Hutchins, D. D. Services at 10 a.m. and 7:30 p.m. Rev. Henry P. Higley, D. D., of Beloit, Wis., will preach in the morning.

Simpson Auditorium will look very attractive today, as all the pictures and flowers used in the church during the chrysanthemum fair will remain in the church to day. The public services will be conducted as usual.

Mrs. Davis and Hartsell, of the Tally-ho stables, met with a serious accident Friday evening. The gentlemen were returning from a party of friends from Pasadena, in a two-horse surrey and went over an embankment at the Arroyo Seco, on the East Side. The rig was badly demoralized, but the occupants fortunately escaped without serious injury.

Articles of incorporation were filed yesterday with the County Clerk by the Redondo, Santa Monica and Catalina Excursion and Travel Company, a company purposing of transacting a general steamship company's business on the Pacific Coast, with a capital stock of \$20,000, of which \$15,500 has been actually subscribed. Its Board of Directors consists of F. A. Reynolds, Frank Morton, G. O. Greene, Frank C. Prescott and C. E. Alter, all of this city.

NEWS AND BUSINESS.

The Weather.

U. S. WEATHER OFFICE, LOS ANGELES, Nov. 7, 1891.—At 5:07 a.m. the barometer registered 30.00; at 5:07 p.m. 29.98. Thermometer for corresponding hours showed 52° and 60°. Maximum temperature, 70°; minimum temperature, 50°. Partly cloudy.

Dewey's laughing baby photos.

For rent one half of store 123 South Spring street, Hammond Block.

Dr. P. Stelhart has moved into his new office, 33½ South Spring street.

Lunch room open 12 to 2 o'clock at Woman's Exchange, 223 South Broadway.

There are nine things that will make a woman mad, but one is enough—failure to get the ice-cream at Koster's.

Cement sidewalk—Bids will be received at the meeting of the State Normal school building for laying a cement sidewalk on Fifth street, next Normal school grounds. Ira Moore, Secretary Trustees.

Butter! Sherwin's celebrated "Elgin Creamery," best butter ever shipped to the city, in seven-pound jars at 35 cents per pound. Try a jar. Good "Creamery" at 30 cents per pound for one week. Call on the manager, 123 South Spring street, or at Broadway Market.

The L. A. Society will give a musical and literary entertainment and social dance in G. A. Hall, 610½ South Spring street, Monday evening, November 9. A fine programme. Among the attractions are the Baldwin children; also Laura and Oscar, the Chinese dance in costume.

Snoek's boy heard him say the other day that there was money in hens, and he proceeded to investigate the family poultry yard. He had opened a dozen fine specimens without finding any, when the old man descended on him, and the boy now wonders if there is balm in Gilead. There is more than a little satisfaction—in buying groceries at W. Chamberlain & Co's than there is in hens.

Quick time and low rates Eastward. Only 3 days and 20 hours Los Angeles to Chicago by the Santa Fe route. Time reduced to all Eastern points. Pullman drawing-room and tourist car excursions to Boston and special tourist car excursions to Boston and international excursions to Canada and through. No extra charge for attendance. Particular attention given to west-bound passengers, tourists, colonists and settlers. Tickets from all points in the East and Europe on application to Santa Fe ticket office, No. 129 North Spring street, Los Angeles.

Quaint as the matter is kept there are mighty few better hotels in the city than the Hoffman House. In fact, there is not one that has better rooms or makes its guests more comfortable. The house is as clean and wholesome as a house can be, and is furnished throughout magnificently—in this respect it is the equal of the best of them. Twenty-five of the rooms have baths in the rooms, and the dining room is handsome; the meals and service all that is most fastidious could ask. It is a model hotel and the rates are only \$2 a day! It can only be because people do not know about the Hoffman that they go elsewhere and pay from \$4 to \$6 for accommodations not a bit better. The Hoffman is conducted on the hotel man of Cleveland, Ohio, who knew him East and perfectly aware that he wouldn't tolerate anything second-class about a hotel—he had anything to do with it. He runs the Hoffman on the "Ohio idea." It is situated on North Main street, near the Plaza.

(CHANGED EVERY DAY.)

ON THE BARGAIN COUNTER.

Monday at Wineburgh's.

We are selling lots of goods from our bar counter. And when there is a day when we can afford to offer them very cheap, as we get the regular price the next day, except in cases where we desire to close out at the reduced rates. It will pay to look over our bargain counter every day; also to see what inducements we offer in dress goods. 46-inch wide silk finish fine French all-wool jet black Henrietta dress goods, 75¢ a yard (takes 5½ to 6 yards for a full suit.)

Fine cut net hand heads, size of a dime, for 12½¢ per dozen.

2½ yards long black fur boas and muffs to match, \$1 each.

Black fur collars with ball ends, \$1.50 each.

Ladies' natural grey heavy silk-bound underwear, 80¢ each.

Red, yellow, and white German trimming yarn, 10¢ a hank.

Narrow black dress dress trimming braid, 3¢ a yard.

Embossed chifffon cloth, 7½¢ a yard.

Feather bone for dress waists all colors, regular width, 5¢ a yard.

2½-inch wide black astrakhan trimming, 35¢ a yard.

Gent's scarlet all-wool knit shirts and drawers, 81¢ each.

Gent's super-stout British half hose, brown, size 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 9

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TENTH YEAR.

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WHAT THE LARK SANG.

In the heart of a fair chrysanthemum
A gay striped bee did lightly hum,
Buzzing away as if, though he,
This beautiful flower was made for me.

On the bright pink rim of a fragrant rose,
Which bends with every breeze that blows—
Bends and dances as winds skip by—
Sat a velvet-clad young butterfly.

How he fluttered his wings of golden hue,
And dipped them in the dewy drops that
He lifted his eyes to the sunshine fair,
Then floated away on the golden air.

And a bird sang sweet in a leafy tree,
And he wondered, who built this home for me?
And fashioned its leaves of green and gold,
Until like a curtain they me enfold?

And the grasshoppers down in the grasses
stirred.
While the cricket chirped as if he heard
All that the butterfly questioned low,
All that the glad bird wished to know.

Then up sprang the lark from his hidden
nest.
With a world of song in his little breast,
Up and away to the sky he flew,
Till he was lost in its shining blue.

There were doves of joy in the song he
sang—
And o'er all his path their sweetness rang:
I know, I know! seemed his notes to ring,
It was God, and I'm made His praise to sing.

Eliza A. Orts.

October 4, 1891.

THE WHITE HORSE OF VASQUEZ.

A Pretty Romance Without Much Re-
gard to Facts.
(Exchange.)

One day, as the freight train running from San Francisco to San José rumbled around a sharp curve just outside of the city of San José, a white horse sprang on the track and raced down toward the town in front of the engine. For a mile the train did not gain on him. Then the unequal footing of the cress-ties and the pace began to tell on the white steed, and the engine crept slowly up to him. The engineer gave a few shrieks of the whistle to scare the horse from the track, but he kept right on in front, running with the speed of a racer, with his long tail streaming in a straight line behind him.

The pilot-truck on the ground, the life out of him, an instant, and then plowed into the dirt on the opposite side of the track. The engineer swore a few choice oaths and jumped out of the cab. The horse was as dead as a doornail, and the engine had left the rails.

It was Vasquez's horse. The whole country knew it next day. He was 20 years old and totally blind when he met his death in front of the freight train, and for ten years had roamed over the unoccupied land about the lower part of Santa Clara county, free as a bird and feared by the Mexicans more than a lion. He was called by them the "White Devil," and it was their belief that he was possessed of a soul mortgaged to the evil one—the soul of Vasquez. It is a strange talk that the old Mexican mothers tell of this white horse.

Vasquez was the most noted bandit of California twenty years ago. He bid defiance to the law, eluded the detectives and searching parties for years, and killed and robbed half a hundred men. He roamed over the State of California from the north to the south, leaving desolation and death in his wake. He surrounded himself with bands of desperate Mexicans and terrorized entire communities.

On a dreamy August afternoon in Southern California, the Mayor of Los Angeles and a fellow official were driving along the old sand road through the Arroyo Seco toward the town. Over the brow of a hill half a mile in front of them a group of horsemen appeared at a gallop. They swept down the hill and met the buggy of the Mayor. The galloping horses were yanked back upon their haunches, and a swarthy Mexican upon a white horse shoved a pistol in the Mayor's face and said, with a show of his teeth in a smile:

"Your money, Señor."

The Mayor thought it was a joke and laughed.

"Quick, quick!" said the horseman, as his weapon clicked. "I am Vasquez."

The Mayor laughed again.

"Ef you don't believe me, Señor, look."

He pointed back to the hill and there appeared another group of horsemen riding at full tilt from the town.

"Quick," said Vasquez. "I am no fool."

The Mayor looked down the pistol barrel at the pair of black, glittering eyes that lined the sights and put up his hands. He was frightened of his chamois bag of gold, as was his friend, and the bold robbers wheeled and were off at a run, the posse from the town riding up five minutes too late to catch them or to save the mayor's coin. The bandit escaped into the chaparral.

Vasquez made history in this way for five years, and then was caught like a rat in a trap in an adobe house near the scene of the robbery of the mayor, and was shot down by a newspaper correspondent detailed to accompany the search party. He survived his wounds, was taken to San José, where one of his earliest and most atrocious murders had been committed, and there met his death on the scaffold.

The night after Vasquez was hanged a white horse galloped up the street to the jail, stood a moment and gave a neigh. The Mexicans heard it in a call to the dead Vasquez. There came no answer to the horse's challenge, and he wheeled about and went as suddenly as he came.

Then he turned bandit and followed Vasquez's old trails. Once in a while a man would be found on the road with his body frightfully mutilated and his flesh bearing marks of hoofs. Sometimes in the night a white horse would appear at the door of a Mexican cabin in some lonely spot and neigh. If no answer came he would be off like the wind, but if any man dare show himself the horse would attack him with hoof and teeth, and it was seldom that a victim escaped.

Time and again he was shot at, and one Mexican buck was foolhardy enough to try to rope him and met a most horrible death. The horse bore a charmed life. He became almost as great

ever find; and I believe we've hit on her den."

In silence, fearing that a motion might startle the shy creatures to flight, Joe and Horace watched the graceful kittens' play. Presently the whelps scampered back among the rocks out of sight, and the boys looking to see what had caused their retreat, now coming from the mainland a long, low russet-tinted form gliding serpent-like toward the grassy space. Then a great, tawny, cat-like head appeared above a rock, looked about as if to see that all was clear, and then lowered to pick up something it had been carrying.

While the two boys at the promontory had lain watching from their boat the play of the panther whelps, in a forest clearing a mile away from the young housewife, Martha Billings, whose husband worked at the saw-mill further down the lake, had gone out of the little log-house to dig some potatoes for supper. To do this she had to go beyond the crest of a bush-grown bank that hid the little garden patch from the house. Her lusty ten-month-old boy she had left in the house alone. He was a courageous, lively child, already able to creep about and explore things for himself. To secure him at home she had set the cradle across the open doorway, and left him clad in his homespun frock to roll and tumble about the floor at will until she should return. The poor, neat house was a happy home, and there were few women lighter of heart than Martha Billings, as with swinging basket she went on her homely errand.

She had hoed from the ground and picked up the potatoes when there came to her alert mother's ear a startled cry, an unusual sound from her healthy, good-tempered boy. She hurried up the slope in surprise and alarm, but before she could reach the house she heard the cat again in a fainter note. Darting to the door she gave one look within and saw the cradle upside down with the child in it. The panther had come to the door to pounce upon it.

It is the first chance she has offered for a shot.

Bang! both pieces roar together, and the creature struck full in the face by a charge of duck-shot, and in the breast by shot and the heavy bullet, bounds straight upward with a frightened scream. Bang! They have caught her again while she is still in the air, and she comes to earth howling, rolling, rearing, clawing and biting the green sward, terribly wounded, dazed and full of blind destructive fury.

The whelps have shot like tawny streaks to concealment among the rocks; the child had turned its wondering eyes toward the sound of the firing as if to see what other strange danger has come to it; with the echoes of their gun-shots yet rattling among the crags of the shore, the two boys were out of the boat and upon the panther, desperately swinging down upon her head and body their clubbed guns. Only Joe stopped an instant to stoop and catch the child, throwing it toward the shore into a hollow carpeted with soft bracken, and then dashed on to the aid of his companion. Upon the head of the savage beast Horace slatters his gun stock as the panther rolls past, just missing him in a wild plunge and clutch of the terrible claws.

The child is safe, and the breathless boys draw back toward it. Here standing in their ground, they watch their enemy which, fatally wounded at last, lies motionless except for her panting flank. The ground is reddened with blood and torn with her struggles. She revives, and with dying effort crawls in the direction her cub has taken, and partly scaled the first large rock in her way; then rolls backward dead, lying upon her side, with white breast and teeth and outstretched claws turned toward her slayers.

The boys picked the child up and found that, except from some bruises and scratches, it was unharmed. Its brains and complained when its back was touched, and they found that while its stout frock had for the most part saved it from teeth and claws, its back between its shoulders were discolored and swollen where the panther's teeth, without breaking the skin, had bruised the flesh.

"Now for the cub!" Horace cried, but checked himself. "What am I thinking of! The thing for us to do is to take this child to its mother as fast as we can!"

"The panther must have snatched it from some house about the mill settlement," Joe said. "We'd best pull down to the mill, and if the youngster's folks don't live there we can, perhaps find out something about them."

They had paddled a half-mile along the shore, when a woman broke from the forest ahead. With flying hair and dress torn by brambles, she gazed wildly, despairingly, upon the approaching boat. Joe dropped his paddle, held up the child, swung his hat, and gave a great call, "All right!"

They forced the boat forward at their best strokes; but the woman, not enduring to wait, dashed into the water waist deep to meet them, to catch up the child and half smother it with tears and kisses.

The boys went with her along the wood path, but to their offers to carry the child, she only held it the closer.

Her husband, returned from his work, was at the cabin, and after telling in a few words of the rescue, they started away to avoid thanks that were hard for the excited parents to frame in fitting terms.

"It beats duck-shooting, eh, Joe?" cried Horace. "It's a great wind-up to our day's trip. Now we'll go for the panther's skin, and tomorrow we'll have those handsomely whelps or know the reason why!"

BATTLE OF THE BUCKS.

Strange Combat Witnessed by Bear Valley Men.

(Banning Herald.)

The gentlemen comprising the surveying party now working for the Bear Valley Company up Millard's Canon, were on Monday treated to a sight which seldom comes to men in this center of civilization. We get the story from Messrs. Pollock and Ross, transit men of the party.

The men were working up the cañon about a mile above the Millard House, when they heard a peculiar crashing noise.

Looking up they saw on the cliffs high above the stream, and about a quarter of a mile from them, two noble bucks standing with heads lowered about ten feet from each other.

Thus they stood eyeing each other and pawing the dirt for fully a minute. Then they made a simultaneous spring, and came together with a noise like a falling tree. So violent was the concussion that the animals were thrown back until a distance of ten or fifteen feet again intervened between them. The men, fascinated with the sight, watched the deer go through the same performance again and again.

Finally, after a more than usually violent rush, the bucks did not separate but struggled as if apparently trying to push each other back.

It soon became plain to the men, however, that instead of pushing them were pulling away from each other. In other words, their horns had become locked, and from raging combatants the bucks became frightened animals and were only bent on securing a divorce.

Messrs. Ross, Pollock and party then conceived the idea of taking advantage of the helpless condition of the bucks and capturing them. They made a grand rush for the scene, but before they reached it the deer in their struggles approached too near the edge of the cliff, and both of them fell to their death in the pool below.

When the party reached the water the deer were found locked in each other's horns, quite dead. The gentlemen

thought to skin the deer and bring in the hides to lend an air of authenticity to the tale, but the law is so strict as to having in your possession the hide of a newly deceased deer, no matter whether the deer dies of la grippe, commits suicide or falls out of a balloon, that they forebore.

The above is a true story, all the same, and one of the bucks is the grandfather of the fawn that narrowly escaped death in the stone ditch some weeks ago. One animal story a week is enough, and Uncle Johnnie Moore's adventure with a mountain lion will have to go over.

OLD DAYS AT WEST POINT.

THE LEVELING PROCESS—PREPARING FOR WAR.

By Capt. Charles King, U. S. A.

[CONTRIBUTED TO THE TIMES—COPYRIGHT, 1891, BY S. S. MCCLURE.]

Had been drilling three times and re-
citing twice a day from the moment of our arrival at West Point until hauled up for "preliminary examination" after the 20th of June. Physically this was rigid and searching; mentally it was a mere bagatelle. We had all been measured for our uniforms (good old Morrison, rest his soul! telling me that I wasn't half the man my father was before me, for he made his cadet and engineering uniforms away back in '38—a comparison which proved eminently well founded.) We had had heaven most devoutly when our persecutors, the yearlings and the new first-class were marched off to camp. The graduating class was rushing to the front, and the "furlough class," having completed just one-half of the prescribed four years' course, was permitted to scatter homeward for a two months' visit. How quiet and peaceful and altogether delightful the deserted barracks seemed to us, with our tormentors away. One blessed week we were free from unauthorized bullying by day, though time and again those daring scamps or yearlings stole out of camp in the dead of night and stealthily invading barracks while our guardians (?) were soundly sleeping, whipped our blankets from under us, leaving nothing but the bare boards of the flooring for our couch, and disappeared as noiselessly and quickly as they came, carrying with them our shoes, boots and bedding. Deaf as were the cadet corporals on duty to the scurries of their classmates, there was no reflection on their vigilance when we were the breakers of regulations. Venturing to strike a match and light our single gas-jet that my Maine and Maryland roommates might join me in a search for shoes, in came at the instant a stern-faced cadet corporal. (How we have laughed over it since, he is now distinguished major of engineers and I the bang-up dragoon.) "How dare you have a light in quarters after taps? Consider yourself in close arrest, sir. What do you gentlemen mean by being out of bed at this hour of the night?"

"Cause we're out of bedding, sir," re-
plied us to him.

plebes to us, while thirty have been un-
loaded on Co. B, where they are not
needed, there being only ten gentlemen
present with the company; but under
distinctly your first duty is to us,
even at the expense of getting reported
for the condition of your own tent;
your demerits don't count yet; ours do.

Now, sir, you are duly placed on duty."

But that was only one tent. It pres-
ently transpired that I would be ex-
pected to look after the domain of our
next door neighbor on the left, a dash-
ing yearling whom I had known when
he was at Chariot's and I at Anthon's
and both at Wood's gymnasium and the
same dancing school in New York. Three
of us aspirants for military glory
were quartered in the second tent on
the south side of the company street.
One of my tent-mates, the Yale man,

promptly notified that they must take
care of the belongings of some forty up-
per class men. What did that mean?
Well, perhaps the remarks of Cadet
L. of the Third Class, U.S.M.A., June,
1862, will explain:

"Here you pique—Mr King. You are
assigned to special duty at my tent."

You will report there every morning at
police call with a bucket of fresh water,
tie up the tent walls, make up the bed-
ding, sweep and dust. If there's any-
thing wrong at inspection, you will be
'panked' thirty times that night.

You will keep the rifles of Messrs. B.—
and B.—and myself in perfect order;
you will see to it that our cartridge
boxes and bayonet scabbards are always
properly varnished; that the belts, plates
and all other brasses of our accoutre-
ments are freshly polished every after-
noon; that all the shoes are cleaned and
blackened every day (carry them to and
from the shoe-black tent, sir, and keep
them properly dusted, but never black
them yourself, sir, that's menial labor.)

You will report here every day the
moment we get back from dinner and
entertain us with cheerful and
improving conversation while we smoke our
pipes and prepare for the afternoon
siesta; you will see to it that we are not
disturbed by intruders—or flies—
will awaken us in time for drill, and make
up the tent again at afternoon police
call; let down and fasten the tent
walls before parade, and make down the
bedding after tattoo. These are your
general instructions. Special orders
will be issued from time to time. Of
course you will be called upon to do
similar work for other gentlemen in A
company, as the commandant has been
so thoughtless as to assign only eight

to the company.

"No lousy."

ash and belt and a long furrow in his coat had similarly channeled one of those lamented shirts of mine.

All this labor, all this apparent "harrassing" or "molesting" of the plebes went on openly and above board, and nobody in authority seemed to care a whit. Indeed, we thought; the old cadets thought, and I believe to this day it was generally thought by officers, old and young, that it was all "winked at" because of its utterly leveling effect. It brought the college-bred youth and the country bumpkin down to the same plane. It sternly forbade their seeking comrades or associates among the upper classmen, and made the plebes rely so often on another for friendship or sympathy. It laid each year the foundations of that deep, abiding and almost enthusiastic class feeling which at West Point, more than any college I ever heard of, bloomed and flourished, year after year, stronger and stronger.

It may have been all wrong in principle, but it was great in result, and then what experts we became in cleaning guns and buckles and belt plates!

Yet that, too, is a thing of the past.

CHARLES KING, Captain U.S.A.

HOW TO PLAY FOOT-BALL

THE AMERICAN RUGBY GAME AS IT IS NOW PLAYED.

By A. Alonzo Stagg, the Well-known Yale Athlete.

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In the previous article I placed the quarter-back in the division with the center, because he is so intimately connected with center work, although in name and position he is counted with the backs. It is his duty to handle every ball which the center rusher rolls back, and he is expected to receive it under all conditions, coming fast or slow, with a bound or not, straight or crooked, for the ball is in play, as soon as the center passes it and he must deliver it to a third person before a gain can be attempted. A fumble or a wild pass is a bad set back, and may mean a touch-down and victory, as it did in the game which Dean of Harvard, made in the Yale-Harvard game last year, when he broke through the Yale rush line at a most opportune time, and seizing the ball, which had been snatched back crookedly and fumbled, made his forty-yard dash and placed the ball down behind the Yale goal.

In assuming the position for receiving the ball the quarter-back should stand as far away from the center rusher as he can, and be able to give him the signal conveniently for snapping the ball. If he is careless on this point he will every now and then receive a reminder from some long-armed center rusher or guard, who will reach over and grab him before he has passed the ball. I remember seeing Victor Harding of the Harvard eleven, spring headlong over the Yale center rusher, and perform this very feat at an exciting point in the Yale-Harvard game of 1887. The signal for the ball to be snapped is usually given by pressing the thumb on the inside of the calf of the leg. It used to be given much higher up, but a change of place was found necessary on account of the trickery of opponents, who sometimes would reach over and give the signal before the quarter-back was in readiness. This always resulted in either a loss of ground or the ball.

The quarter-back should never give his private signal to the center rusher for the ball until the captain has given the signal for the play, and then only after he comprehends himself. In a well-drilled eleven, of course, the quarter-back understands the signal for a play the moment it is given, and yet it is not a rare thing even in important games for signals to be mixed or the key numbers to be left out. In that case the quarter-back should not signal for the ball until the signal for the play is made plain or a new one given. It is now quite common to have the quarter-back give the signals for the play whether he is captain or not.

There are three styles of passing a ball used by quarter-backs. Hodge, the well-known Princeton quarter-back, was accustomed to use both hands in passing the ball. This insured accuracy, but placed limitation upon the distance it could be thrown. Beecher, Yale's famous quarter-back, used only one hand. In doing this he swung his arm sidewise and forward, just below the level of the shoulder, and was able to pass a long distance with great accuracy. In his day long passes, which are now rarely even attempted on account of the superior work of the end rushers, were frequently made to the end rusher on the side of the field.

Indeed, I remember seeing such a pass made in the first foot-ball contest I ever witnessed. It was in the Yale-Princeton game of 1888, the year that Twombly, who was very skillful in passing, was Yale's quarter-back. I remember, too, how it thrilled me at a certain point in the game when I was expecting the ball to be passed to the half-back. Terry, for a run, Twombly turned quickly and sent the ball full half the width of the field to the end rusher, who caught it on a run and went for forty yards down the field before he was stopped by Princeton's full back. Dean of Harvard, used still another style of passing. He pitched the ball underhand with an easy natural swing of the arm. The latter style is the quickest of the three, for no time is lost in raising the arm into a position for delivering the ball.

We now turn to the two wings, which are each made up of a tackle and an end rusher. We will consider the position of tackle first. Perhaps we can get a better idea of the style of men best suited for this position by describing the star players. Of these, Gill of Yale, and Cowan of Princeton, stand as ideal men in this position, while Rhodes of Yale, and Upton of Harvard, follow closely after. In Gill and Cowan we also find perfect physical qualities for the position. Built about 5 feet 9 inches in height, weight from 170 to 175 pounds, deep, round bodies, arms and legs very large and heavily muscled, swift runners, quick in movement, hard, sure tacklers, good blockers, while not easily blocked themselves, brilliant runners with the ball, and withal possessing an aptitude for the game with almost unlimited capacity for head work, they stand unequalled in this position. Rhodes and Upton are lighter, weighing about 160 pounds, and are not so strongly put together. They are slightly quicker in their movements, possessing more fiery natures, which give to their tackling, especially when interfered with, a sort of desperate brilliancy. They also were good gainers with the ball. I think that it was true of both of them (I know it was true of Rhodes from playing alongside of him), that they possessed unconquerable wills on the football field, never letting up for a moment.

There, then, in epitome, are the qualities a fine tackle should possess. Emphasis is laid upon quickness in getting through the line, sure tackling, getting

down the field on a kick and in running with the ball.

In breaking through the line the tackle should play far enough away from the guard, to insure his not getting tangled up with him, for it is his duty on nearly all occasions to go through the lines as quickly as possible for tackling. It is a constant question with him whether to go on the inside or the outside of his opponent. That, of course, should be affected somewhat by the distance he is separated from the guard, and whether he is able to comprehend the play the opponents are about to make. If there is a probability of a play around his end, it would be exceedingly dangerous to go on the inside of his opponent, for the tackle is chief assistant of the end rusher on such a play. On the other hand, if the play is through the center, he can be of most service by going through the inside.

The end rushers fill two of the most important positions of the eleven as a rule, for they have the duty of preventing the long runs of the game. It is an unusual thing for a long run to be made through the line on account of the excellent support the rushers have behind the line; but let a rusher once get around the end with one or two interferers ahead of him, as is usually the case on such runs, and he is likely to go a long distance down the field and not unusually make a touch down. For this reason the end rusher must be a fine tackler even in the face of interference, and for the same and other reasons he should be a quick man and a fast runner. At the same time the position requires a cautious, heady player to know when to leave his position for assisting another part of the field, and also just how to treat his interferers so that he can tackle the runner or give the tackle a chance to do so. It is not enough for the end rusher simply "to force the runner to go on the outside of him," as the coachers are constantly enjoined (for practically a run around the end may be made by blocking the end man when he plays out too far), but he should also have a hand in the tackling himself.

"Be the first man down the field on a kick" is the motto early instilled in the would-be end rusher, and to do that and tackle his man every time is no small accomplishment. It means long practice and much careful study of how to get the direction the ball is kicked, and the best ways of approaching the man to whom the ball goes. It is a common fault for end rushers to run blindly down the field without knowing the exact direction the ball is kicked, when a little study of the faces and actions of the half-backs will indicate in a second whether the ball is going, to the right, to the left, or to the right. That is true," answered Maestro Mecheri. "We have needed rain for many weeks. I have come to talk with you about Giovanni."

"Has anything gone wrong with him?" she asked.

"No," said Maestro Mecheri, "he has good luck that ragazzo. He has a fine voice and is strong and not troubled with ideas. He is good looking. Often I believe money is given as much to his merry eyes and white teeth as to his singing. The forestieri like his cheerful, handsome face. It is good luck to be born good looking like that. It has possibly made his fortune for him."

"In what way, Santa Maria?" exclaimed Brigitta.

"The forestieri have ways of their own," said the Maestro. "There are two signoras who have heard him sing and have taken a fancy to him."

"Yes," Brigitta interrupted, "they sent the concierge of their hotel to tell him to come to their salon the other day. Giovanni told me about it. It was all hung with old brocades and pictures and fans, such as one sees in the shops for antiquities, and it was filled with flowers, and there were many pictures of a boy who is dead. His mother was the one who sent the concierge to Giovanni."

"Yes," said Maestro Mecheri, "that is it, and that is the point. That is why I say they have ways of their own, the forestieri. Most people, when a child dies—if they are rich—bury him finely and have masses said and hang black and white bead wreaths on his tomb. They are very handsome, those bead wreaths with *mio figlio* or *ma madre*, and other sentiments upon them. I have even seen a little weeping willow made of green beads bending over a headstone. There are beautiful ornaments for the dead made of beads. And this signora must be rich, but she seems to have queer ideas; she did not explain them much to me, but I gathered some of her fancies from some few things she said. It seems as if she was not content that the boy's life should be ended on earth and continue only in paradise. She has a strange wish that he should still live on earth and do things for other boys. It is singular, but it is a good thing for Giovanni. She came to see me about him."

Brigitta made a gesture of amazement. Her eyes had been wide open before, now her mouth opened.

"Yes," continued the Maestro, scratching his grizzled, curling poll, "she has a wish that that boy of hers—who is in paradise—should help Giovanni. She did not say it exactly, but I could see that she had some fancy—I guessed it from her face, and her voice, which trembled when she spoke. I am not a dull fellow."

"What does she want to do?" said Brigitta. "It makes one feel strange—such an idea. I am not sure I like it. It might bring ill-fortune—like the evil eye—to have a person who is dead watching over one."

Maestro Mecheri shrugged his shoulders.

"That is stupid," he said. "It is the idea of a peasant." He knew that Brigitta was a peasant, and quite a common and ordinary one, and he who was a professional person connected with the theater did not shrink from speaking his mind to her. "It is a good thing for Giovanni, and her plans are sensible in spite of her fancies. She says that he has a voice which might bring him fame and fortune, if he does not strain it by singing too long, and if it is trained afterward. She says that out of the fortune of her son, she will pay you a sum which will make it possible for you and Cola to afford to let him stop singing in the street, and he shall go to school for a year or so, until his voice is changed. I am to watch over him, and let her know when it will be safe to begin training him! And I am to teach him all I know about music that it may help him when he can begin practising."

"It is like a romance," said Brigitta, staring. "They have ideas—the forestieri. It is well they have money also."

Maestro Mecheri rubbed his chin and looked at her with a superior scrutiny.

It was, of course, natural that a peasant woman should not understand all this meant.

"I may make a rich man of him," he said. "If his voice is a very fine one—as I think it will be—he may make a great fortune. He may sing in great cities, perhaps before the King, and the impersars will pay him immense sums every night. It was so with Mario, it was so with Patti. There is nothing so valuable as a voice all the world wants to hear."

Brigitta laughed a little.

"One cannot bring one's mind all at once to thinking that of one's own child," she said. "It would be queer enough to think of Giovanni singing before the King!"

"If he has good fortune," said Maestro Mecheri, "that may all come in time. The signora wished me to see you and Cola and explain to you and ask you if you were willing. She is going away soon herself and wishes it arranged."

Brigitta laughed a little vaguely again.

"You must come and see Cola," she said.

"You will not be such imbeciles as to refuse!" said the Maestro.

"What one has, one has," she answered, "and one cannot be sure of what his voice will be when he is a young man. But as she will give something to make up to us for losing his work now, I do not think Cola will care. And as for me it is all the same, so that one has something in one's hand."

"He could not sing more than a year," said the Maestro. "You know how the other boy's voice was lost and how he broke his voice. His was magnificent," with another rub at his grizzled curls and a queer look and tone of regret. "It was magnificent. He would have sung before the King—it could not have been otherwise. It was a great misfortune for him."

"You mean the son of Lisa!" said

GOVANNI AND THE OTHER.

By Frances Hodgson Burnett, Author of "Little Lord Fauntleroy."

[CONTRIBUTED TO THE TIMES—COPYRIGHT, 1891, BY THE AUTHOR.]

PART II—CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

 HEN she opened the door and entered the living-room a wiry little elderly man rose from a chair at her entrance.

"Good day, Brigitta," he said. "I have been waiting for you."

It was Maestro Mecheri.

"Good day, Maestro," she answered.

"I have been at the olive-gathering with Cola. There is quite a good crop, but the olives are small. There has not been enough rain."

"That is true," answered Maestro Mecheri. "We have needed rain for many weeks. I have come to talk with you about Giovanni."

"Has anything gone wrong with him?" she asked.

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AMERICAN PUSH.

WRITTEN FOR THE LOS ANGELES TIMES,
BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

CHAPTER VIII.

The truth was that Kathleen's mother had brought her to Saltravia with a most ambitious motive. After leaving Stuttgart they had been living for several months in Dresden, and there she had heard things concerning Clarimond which made it seem at least conceivable that a splendid event might crown past disappointments and chagrins. Poor Kathleen, whose health had somewhat failed of late, did not dream of the audacity which underlay her mother's proposal that they should visit the Saltravia springs. They had hardly been there three days at the hotel when Clarimond, strolling one evening, just at sunset, past the Casino, saw Kathleen and was struck by her peculiar loveliness. The Princess detested his democratic way of exhibiting himself, as she called it, and more than once implored him not to appear so publicly. But the King had no idea of hedging himself with his own divinity; he had long ago formed the habit of going and coming like a private gentleman, and though the stares of the crowd did not precisely please him, they were less of a bore than would have been compulsory self-immurement. Mrs. Kennard was quickly plunged into an ecstasy by his evident admiration of Kathleen.

"I do wish one could know him," she said to her daughter. "Did you notice how he looked at you, my dear?"

"No," said Kathleen. "It seems to me that he looked at everybody equally, and in the most amiable manner."

"They say," continued Mrs. Kennard, "that he is wonderfully amiable for a King. And he certainly is very handsome; don't you think so?"

"I think him very distinguished," Kathleen's eyes glistened as she added:

"There's a picturesqueness about him that corresponds perfectly with this lovely land he rules. He interests me greatly. I don't mean so much because of his royalty as of the artistic atmosphere in which he seems to dwell; though one must allow each its attractive force."

"His being royal is hardly an objection, I should say," remarked Mrs. Kennard. "One can endure it. At least I can, that is in a son-in-law." And she laughed a sort of tinkling little laugh.

"Mamma! Good Heavens! What are you saying?" As she spoke, Kathleen flushed to her temples and then grew colorless.

They had left the Casino and had reached a somewhat lonely spot, where at a distance you could see the pale marbles of the palace towering with its innumerable spires, turrets and crenellations above the bounteous verdure of the dark-green champaign. Between masses of spic-scented hemlocks flashed and flashed a cascade, and so strong was the afternoon breeze that it blew little spray-laden gusts from the foamy and tumbling turbulence of water. Mother and child were now wholly alone, as it chanced, and Mrs. Kennard, with a look to right and left as though an ambushed listener were possible, if not just a likelihood, suddenly said:

"I'm not dealing in such fairy dreams, my dear, after all." And then let her hand rest on the girl's arm, steadily and meaningly pressing it.

"Mamma! Mamma! Even if I cared to marry anyone, I—"

"You shall not sacrifice your life to that ruffian, Kathleen. For this is what has been to us both. I shall never be happy until I see you married happily, and brilliantly, too. Of course, King Clarimond would be a glorious triumph for you. I've dared to dream of such an event. Yes, Kathleen, I actually have. And there are strong reasons, my dear, why I should so have dreamed. You remember that Mrs. Winslow in Dresden—that bright little Boston woman with the lemon-colored eyebrows—who gave us our letter to the Jerninghams here? Well, it was she who first roused in me my daring idea. She looked at you on the evening that we dined with her, and murmured to me that you had the air of a queen, because your manner was at once so grand and so simple, and then (this she said in the frankest yet most abrupt fashion, as if it were only an after thought) because you were so entirely, so exceptionally handsome. Before that the volatile little creature had been speaking of the King of Saltravia. She had told me that his hatred of mercantile marriages had given offense to some of the haughtiest nobles in Europe, and that he had refused to receive a certain princely cousin of his on account of having contracted such an alliance. Then she said other things concerning Clarimond. She spoke of his intense democracy; of his rumored assertion that he meant to marry the woman he loved even though she were born a peasant; and lastly, of his well-known regard for America and the American people. This, my dear, was the secret of my having brought you here. You see I'm making a clean breast of it to you now. Don't stare at me in that amazed manner. You act as if you just heard an explosion of dynamite."

"I have, mamma—and a rather loud one."

Mrs. Kennard drew herself up and gave several short nods. "Kathleen, stranger things have happened. And if there's a woman who could bring about such a development I believe that I am she."

They had reached a small rustic seat, within a thicket of laurels whence rose a bust in granite of Poushkin, the famed Russian poet. Kathleen sank into the seat almost exhausted, heaving a quick sudden sigh, while her mother stood beside her, a presence of extreme stateliness and distinction.

"Are you tired, my dear, so soon?" she asked.

Kathleen looked up at her with a cold, fatigued smile. "You've wearied me beyond expression," she answered.

"My child!"

"Oh, mamma, it's true! You know that I loved him, and that I love him still! To you it may sound senseless enough, but he is more to me than a whole dynasty of Kings! And then for you to torment me by this new folly! As if you had not already made me go through enough! As if I were not the butt and jeer of hundreds of people at this very hour! Surely you might have some mercy after what you dragged me through in London!"

"Kathleen, Kathleen! This is atrocious!"

"It is indeed!" cried the girl, and without another word she sprang to her feet and hurried away, leaving her mother to gaze at her figure as it remained among the fringed frondage of the hemlocks.

Well, though she believed that she knew Kathleen, Mrs. Kennard had not a doubt that the actual success of her new and most characteristic design would win from her child the gladdest sort of acquiescence. There are some natures that can no more conceive of others really refusing certain positive worldly gains, when the chance comes for palpably grasping them, than a man born color-blind can conceive of the lights and shades in a canvas by *Daumier* or *Dambury*. If it was fated

that this extraordinary, this unpredestined young King should fall in love with her daughter, his nuptial path would of course be one strewn with roses. As if any woman could or would refuse to become a queen! Kathleen was capable of odd behavior, beyond a doubt; but even her worst vagaries must end at the bounds of lunacy.

That afternoon the Kennards had received an invitation to go and drink tea at the Jerningham villa. They had not yet met the Jerninghams, though brother and sister had both left cards upon herself and Kathleen a few days ago, finding them absent from the hotel. When Mrs. Kennard again saw her daughter she refused to pay the proposed visit.

"Say that I am unwell, mamma," was Kathleen's announcement. "Say anything that you please. I shall not go."

"But you must, my dear. They are not people to treat rudely, although I have learned since we have been at the hotel that they are exclusively in the foreign set, and that neither the King nor any of his court honor their entertainments. It seems that Mr. Jerningham has made himself unpopular in Saltravia. He has quarreled with the King's favorite friend, the architect who built for him that superb marble palace, a person named Mr. Eric Thaxter, an American, and—"

"Eric Thaxter!" broke in Kathleen. "I remember that name. Where have I heard it?"

"Really, I don't know, my dear. Perhaps during your London days. He can't be any one of the least importance in New York, though I am told that he originally belonged there. He is of great importance here, however; he is a sort of power behind the throne. The King is devoted to him. I must manage to meet him. Poor, dear, gouty old Mrs. Madison has promised to present him soon. One sees him now and then at the Casino, she tells me, and not seldom in the company of the King's favorite friend. He has the entree into the very most difficult Saltravian houses. Indeed, why not, since that charming Clarimond designs to be his friend? You will change your mind about the Jerninghams, my dear, will you not?"

"No," replied Kathleen, with much firmness. Then she looked at her mother very fixedly, and pursued: "Now, mamma, let one thing be clearly

Brother and sister were oddly alike, both being tall and slim, both having a sunken look about the cheeks and slate-hued eyes with pinked lids. They both talked with a slight lisp, and in talking used their hands with the same jerky little gestures. Neither of them often said "I," it was nearly always "we" with them, so that after a while you got the impression that nothing happened singly to this devoted brother and sister, but that human experience treated them to its good and its ill in perpetual duo, as the rain and sun treat two apples on a single stem.

Harriet Jerningham made herself notably civil to Mrs. Kennard, and after a while they had a private chat together amid the general babble of the little modish drawing-room.

"We hear your daughter is so wonderfully beautiful," Mrs. Kennard, said the sister of the deposed art superintendent. "Pardon me, but we do. And it grieves us greatly to hear that she is indisposed today. The waters sometimes affect people for a few days just like that. We can't live away from them now, though at first we thought they were really quite horrid. That is why my dear brother hasn't departed from Saltravia. I mean since Mr. Eric Thaxter caused the King to treat him so cruelly. But perhaps you haven't heard about that. No? Oh, then I won't bore you with our private grievances. And yet, after all, they've become horribly public ever since my dear brother was ousted from his position and that Alonzo Lispenard was made to replace him."

"Alonzo Lispenard!" broke from Mrs. Kennard. "Is—he is in Saltravia?"

"I believe he is in Munich, now, though there's a report that he will be back next week for the great royal ball at the palace. Pray, do you know him?"

"Yes, yes, I've met him. He's a New Yorker, you know?"

"True. I suppose you've met him in society over there—the Four Hundred, as they call it."

"Yes," said Mrs. Kennard, feeling a little dizzy and hardly knowing just what answer left her lips. "Quite right. It—er—was in the Four Hundred, as you say."

"Such a queer name, isn't it?" babbled Miss Jerningham. "We can't get used to it, you know. There was nothing of that sort when we were there."

Understood between you and me. I do not wish to go at all into society while we are in Saltravia. We came here for the waters—at least I did, if you did not. It is late in the day for me to try and impress upon you that my social life has ended. You must have seen that in Dresden. And as for a certain idea of yours, I can only say that it would be painful to me beyond words—painful and mortifying in the extreme were it not so strongly flavored with an element of wild absurdity."

Mrs. Kennard attempted no further persuasions. "Let me achieve her presentation to the King," she mused, "and this nonsensical desire for excluding herself will vanish like one of the Saltravian morning-mists." And while she robed her stately figure, that afternoon in the moon-becoming glow, that her limited wardrobe possessed, the new morning cheered her spirit as an elixir-like cordial warms the blood. Because an aim was dazzling, even dizzying, should it for that reason be deserted! Ah, to think of the exquisite victory! It would mean that the horrible Marchioness of Dendudlow would write when she heard of it. To be the mother of a queen! There was something splendidly distinctive in the very boldness of the project. The fact that an effort like this seemed with novelty and daring was no sign that it would prove a failure. After all, so recently faltered, "hold on position here under the King."

"Oh, Mrs. Art Superintendent, you know. Eric Thaxter, the adored friend of Clarimond, took it away from us—that is, I mean from my brother—and gave it (with the King's full sanction) to this Mr. Lispenard."

"I see, I see."

"Pray, is it true," continued Miss Jerningham, "that he was engaged to a beautiful girl in New York who jilted him the moment she heard he'd lost all his money?"

"Really, I think it's quite false," murmured Mrs. Kennard. She got away from the villa as soon as decent politeness would permit. The late afternoon made the exquisitely-tended and statued lawns in front of the hotel look like squares and medallions of dark green silk. From an immense Japanese pagoda that burned with as many lights as it had been built out of a fallen rainbow, floated music made by one of the most perfect orchestras in Europe. Kathleen in a plain, dove-colored gown, without a single ornament of any kind, moved here and there amid the arabesques of box-edged paths, holding a book against one side of her bosom, as women are wont to do. She seemed wholly unaware of the attention, even the scrutiny, which she attracted, though she was perhaps perfectly well aware of it and preferred to appear otherwise. She had known no one at the hotel on her arrival, and afterward had desired complete isolation. The new acquaintanceships into which her mother had drifted were not shared by her: she remained calmly though not haughtily aloof.

When Mrs. Kennard now drew near the great square over which loomed the light and pretty facade of the chief hotel, she at once perceived that Kathleen was being a great deal noticed and silently admired. "Little wonder, too," it swept through her mind, "for as she walks now her form and face seem to embody this delightful thing of Chopin's that His Majesty's musicians are playing so finely." And then Mrs. Kennard approached her daughter. But before she could reach her side, old Mrs. Madison, with wrinkled face, gouty step, and a cane big enough for a British squire beset by the same malady as herself, came hobbling forward.

"My dear Mrs. Kennard! I don't know how I can stay any longer in Saltravia unless you present me to your daughter! It isn't only that four or five young men are always tormenting me for a presentation to her, knowing that I know you. It's that lots of tiresome old persons like myself, of which ever sex, make my life a burden with their longings." Here Mrs. Madison shook her head, and so briskly that the gold-rimmed glasses trembled on her high, clear-curving nose. "Ah, Mrs. Kennard, it's we old things that are the wisest lapidaries for pronouncing on the color and water of that dearest of all diamonds, youth!"

"My daughter will be charmed to meet you, and your friends also, my dear Mrs. Madison, of course," was the reply made by Kathleen's mother. But while she stood and strove to talk blandly with this old alienated knickerbocker (for who could forget that the Madisons were leading people in the palmy days of the Van Leriuses, and that a Madison once married a Van Lerie, as far back as 1796?) she was secretly throbbing with discomfort and chagrin.

Alonzo Lispenard here in Saltravia!

And not only, but on terms of special favor with the King! It was ruin of all these delicious hopes! For the very moment that he heard Clarimond

had admired Kathleen, what would he be sure to do? Prejudice his royal friend, beyond a doubt, against both herself and her child. Oh, it was too aggravating, too maddening!

When she reached Kathleen, Mrs. Kennard grasped the girl's wrist with a tremor and force that instantly betrayed her trouble.

"My dear Kathleen," she began, "I have such wretched news!"

"Wretched news, mamma?"

"Yes, don't stare at me. Everybody, I hear, is staring at you. There— I won't clutch you in that idiotic style any more. You—know, you mean, that I—I have always prided myself on my reserve."

"Well, mamma?"

"Let's walk along quietly toward the hotel, as if nothing had happened. I've just heard from Mrs. Madison that you have learned since we have been at the hotel that they are exclusively in the foreign set, and that neither the King nor any of his court honor their entertainments."

"And that is all that has happened?"

Kathleen asked, with a decided languor. "No, I only wish it were! My dear child, where did you think Alonzo Lispenard had gone after—the breaking of your engagement? Don't look demoralized, now! Answer me!"

Kathleen had visibly started, and her change of color was manifest. "Gone?" she repeated. "I heard that he was here in Europe. You remember, mamma. Something was said about an Austrian Grand Duke having wanted him to purchase works of art for his private gallery. But I never believed the report. It was never confirmed. I—"

"Kathleen! Believe the report now, if you choose."

"Believe it, mamma!"

"Yes. But change the Austrian Grand Duke to a Saltravian King."

Kathleen looked fixedly at her mother for several seconds as she moved still nearer to the steps of the hotel. When she spoke it was clearly to show that she had in a measure understood.

"Alonzo is here!" she faltered. "You mean that?"

"He lives here and lives under the very sky, so to speak, of Clarimond. It seems that his friend, Eric Thaxter, sent for him to come after the failure."

Then Mrs. Kennard gave a few further explanations which ended by the time they reached the huge enclosed balcony of the hotel and ascended its steps. Kathleen sank into a chair, not trembling but looking as if tremors might at any moment begin.

"We must go away from here, mamma," she presently said, glancing up into her mother's face while her mother stood in placid grandeur beside her. "We must go at once."

"Oh, now my dear Kathleen! You surely won't be so foolish!"

"He will think we came solely on his account."

"But I tell you he isn't here."

"Still, he may return any hour. No, mamma, I will not stay. Let us go to Vallambrosa tomorrow. We intended going there, you know, when suddenly you got this craze for Saltravia."

Mrs. Kennard tightened her lips together, stared straight ahead, and gave not a syllable of response. Oh, of course Kathleen must have her own way! It would be folly to keep her modes of making itself felt which erosion sooner or later failed to profit by it. And to think that the presence of this detestable Alonzo should shatter such a lordly edifice of shining and dramatic! Ah, it was too harrowing! In a certain sense Kathleen was right: the horrid creature might think she had come here because of him, though any thrill of dignity on the subject would have been wholly idle if it were not that this bugbear was actually an intimate of the King. And that abominated capacity he was fate appointed, as one might say, to head herself and her daughter off. Scalding tears of ire and disappointment gathered to the eyes of Kathleen's mother while she stood and watched the spacious hotel grounds, dotted with strollers and sweepings toward the palace, white and grand, against its dark green mountain side. She had raised her handkerchief, to brush away these tears if in reality they should show signs of falling, when a kind of flurry among the people on the laurels made her curious to learn its cause. This soon became plain, as she discerned a group at some distance away headed by a man of noble and gracious presence. She had seen Clarimond a day or two ago, on the occasion when Kathleen had so evidently won his head, and once having seen it was not easy to forget him. She now leaned down and murmured to Kathleen.

"The King, my dear. And I think he is coming this way."

"Let us go up stairs, mamma," said Kathleen, rising. "Or will you remain here, and shall I?"

The words died on her lips, for just then old Mrs. Madison came putting up the steps with a young gentleman of striking appearance at her side. "Mrs. Kennard," called the old lady, "I couldn't stand the pressure of circumstances any longer. I'm compelled to beg of you that you'll make me acquainted with your lovely daughter, so that I may appear the longings of Mr. Eric Thaxter, who is resolved to know her or die."

"Mr. Thaxter certainly shall not die without knowing Kathleen," said Mrs. Kennard, in her most dulcet tones. And then there was an exchange of introductions, gone through quietly and quickly, as most well-bred people manage to do with such matters.

Kathleen, who was one of those women made even more interestingly beautiful by weariness and pain, at once found herself liking Eric Thaxter. It had all come back to her that he had been "Lond's foreign friend," and for this reason he was now clad with a peculiar enticement. While Mrs. Madison bowed over her cane, and held converse with Mrs. Kennard, the girl, low-voiced and spurred by a desperate sort of frankness, addressed Eric:

"I've just heard, Mr. Thaxter, she said, 'that Mr. Lispenard lives here, and with you.'"

"Yes," replied Eric, "but at present—"

"He is in Munich. I've heard that, too. The whole piece of intelligence has given me great annoyance. I take for granted that he has told you of, of our broken engagement."

"Yes, Miss



I wish that all of our girls could learn to appreciate the fact that true life is one of endeavor, of effort, and a continued upreaching for something higher. The days when woman was content to be a mere plodder have all gone by. New fields for activity are open before her, and new realms of effort. Every girl of today may make a future for herself, if she have worthy aspirations, combined with industry and fixedness of purpose.

But by "a future," I do not mean, by any means, girls, that you are to have a public mission; but I wish to be understood that you can have a future in which none of your faculties need to be cramped, none of your best powers fettered. The world has so far advanced that it is willing that a woman should make the most of her capabilities, and use them as is best suited to her needs. She may be wife and mother, making home divinely beautiful by her culture, and her noble womanly ways, her sweet tenderness, and devotion, or she may go out into the world of action and not unsex herself by becoming a college professor, a doctor, a lawyer, or a writer. So there is every inducement for our girls to be ambitious, and to make the most of their many opportunities to become noble women, nobly planned.

But first and highest of all, I hold, is the woman who is capable of making a happy home, who is the husband's companion, and counselor and friend, and who is able to train wisely the children whom God has given her. You will look in vain for crime, or immorality, or drunkenness, or evil excess of any kind to emanate from such a home. Society's criminals come from the homes where the children's training is neglected, and where bickerings and dissensions abound, and where the mother's mission is neglected and despised.

But I am glad that "careers" are possible to women, since all women do not marry. The female physician and trained nurse are comforting treasures such as our mothers and grandmothers would have rejoiced in at times; had they existed for them as they do for us. But those old generations had not learned that "there is no sex in mind."

The weaver's loom, and the distaff were more common with them than books of science and general literature. For them there was no college annex, where they could be trained as their brothers were trained, and be encouraged to meet them upon the same intellectual level.

But today is woman's era, and she may do her utmost in the world of thought, and be welcomed there by her brothers without jealousy or suspicion. Let her make the most of her opportunities.

I am glad to see that the war has commenced upon the long, trailing skirt as an article for street wear. It is one of the most senseless, filthy and objectionable fashions that could be imagined. The Housewife, published in New York city, has the following sensible remarks in regard to it in its current number:

The movement in Vienna toward prohibiting the wearing in the streets of sweeping petticoats by women, on the part of the city authorities, looks like a move in the right direction. The unwholesomeness of the practice is so apparent, and the menace to health so evident, as to argue the health authorities in a position to arrest the woman seen sweeping the streets with her skirts. But can anything be more humiliating than to contemplate the necessity for such action against women? There are many women, doubtless, who do not realize the dangers they incur, not only for themselves, but others, in wearing such a piece of clothing. The disease is just as dirty in the streets of towns; but there is not a single woman with cleanly instincts, or a tidy lady by birth or training, but must shrink from the thought—and revolt at the practice—of dragging her clothing in filth about her feet. She knows it is not nice, though clean in a way, to be noticed of the idiocy of going so slow that one's hands as well as head must be occupied in lifting petticoats from the ground and from gutters, and the immorality of so doing; for while there is nothing immodest in a short skirt, there is much that might be so called in long ones, lifted at random, and dragging them in such circumstances. The short, straight petticoat is the perfection of an outside skirt, and if women part with it for anything less neat, convenient and becoming, they well deserve to be rated as unmodified fools. There should always be a large enough body of women, elsewhere, to make the wearing of a healthful, sensible and tasteful costume common enough to be inconspicuous and to free it from being in any way out of its effect. Women have come to wear hats and bonnets of a thousand styles and sizes, and there is no reason why their petticoats should conform to be the prescription of some dressmaker, in point of fact.

I am familiar with the old saying, "Better be out of the world than out of fashion," but in this case it certainly does not hold true, and I would make it read, "Better be out of the world of fashion than follow this mode," so dangerous to health, and which is a crime against every law of cleanliness and good taste. The train is graceful and unobjectionable in the drawing-room, but never so in the street.

Notes.

As the holidays are approaching our little folks will look for a supply of candies among other sweets. I give the following recipes, which I clip from the Housewife, for their manufacture, as they may all be made at home at small expense.

This paper I will give only those recipes for making candy without boiling. This candy is easiest for beginners to attempt, but it hardens sooner than the boiled candies, so that it is best to make it not earlier than the week before Christmas. To begin with, buy two pounds of XXXX powdered sugar, one egg, quarter of a pound of grated coconut, half a pound each of English walnut, almonds, and dates, half a pound of Baker's chocolate, one lemon and one orange.

Recipe No. 1.—Put the white of an egg in a tumbler and mark the amount; pour out and take the same quantity of cold water and one teaspoonful of vanilla extract. Stir well together and add slowly the powdered sugar, stirring with a wooden spoon until the "dough," as it is called, is stiff enough to roll in

the hands without sticking. It takes more or less sugar according to the size of the egg. This is the foundation for all the candies.

Cocconut Creams.—Pinch off a large piece of the "dough" and knead the grated coconut into it until thoroughly mixed. Roll out about three-quarters of an inch in thickness and cut in squares or bars. Put on paraffin or buttered paper to dry.

Cream Walnuts.—Roll out and cut in squares as above. Lay an almond on top of each square and cover over, uniting the two edges of the candy, pressing with the fingers into almond shape. You will notice in these the nuts are inside of the candy, while the walnuts are on the outside. Some of the almonds after being formed can be rolled in granulated sugar. Another variety can be made by forming the dough into balls and pressing the blunt end of an almond into the ball, thus forming a resemblance to an acorn. And still another way, which is very pretty, is to press one edge of an almond into a ball of candy until all but the other edge of the nut is covered.

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Almonds, peanuts, and any other nuts may be used in the same manner. Save all broken nuts, and after using up the whole ones chop the broken pieces of all kinds together and knead them as you did the coconut into some of the dough, roll out and cut into squares, or any other desired shape.

Cream Dates.—Make small rolls of recipe No. 1 and press into the dates after taking out the stones. Then roll them in granulated sugar.

Orange Creams.—Grate the yellow rind of the orange and squeeze into it two teaspoonsfuls of the juice. Stir in sugar enough to make a dough like Recipe No. 1. Roll out and cut in the same manner.

Lemon Creams.—Are made the same way. If a larger quantity of either is wanted, use more of the juice.

A correspondent wishes to know how the color of pearl knife handles may be restored which have been injured by being put into hot water and by other careless treatment. Can any of my readers tell how this may be done?

Another subscriber writes as follows:

LOS ANGELES, Oct. 28, 1891.

Dear Susan Sunshine: I enjoy your good recipes in THE TIMES so much. May I ask for one? Could some one tell me how to crochet or knit a gentleman's long four-in-hand necktie? They are very fashionable now, made of knitting silk. They are wide, both ends and narrow in the middle. You would oblige me very much. I will look in the paper every day.

I am not able to give the desired information, but shall be pleased if any of my readers can do so.

SUSAN SUNSHINE.

(Kansas City Star.)

The cheering intelligence has been wafted from Bayazid in Armenia that two Americans bicycle tourists have ascended Mt. Ararat. This is gratifying news indeed. Americans are regarded as adventurous people. They have penetrated the remote corners of the earth from the Arctic ocean to the southern seas. They have waved the Yankee flag and whistled the national air, whatever it may be, on the desert, in the jungles, wherever there was a chance to effect a sale or make a trade. But never before has an American been found with the courage and desire to ascend Mt. Ararat, not only because the feat is not a pleasant one, and partly, perhaps, because there is nothing in it.

To add to the national disgrace two Russians, two Germans, and two Englishmen have made the ascent, and the thought that the banners of these effete monarchies have been planted in the snow of Ararat was as gall and wormwood to the gentlemen who are wheeling their way around the earth.

According to the interesting and popular story of the olden time the first ascent of Ararat was made under easy but somewhat hazardous circumstances 4229 years ago, to be exact. It is presumed that the story of this ascent, so to call it, is familiar to the readers of the present day. It was in fact the felicitous termination of a five-months' cruise during the rainy season. The record carefully compiled by Moses is to the effect that "the ark rested in the seventh month on the 17th day of the month" of the Hebrew year. It will be seen, therefore, that by what is now a happy coincidence, Noah, the original explorer, landed on St. Patrick's day, although, of course, this fact escaped Moses, prophet though he was to a commendable degree. In reality, however, Noah's ascent was no trick at all, as it was altogether accomplished by the adventitious aid of the high water, and was attended by no personal peril or hardship. Still it was a precedent, and if Noah was favored by circumstances, but that centuries of civilization have not been sufficient to eliminate.

Our chrysanthemum fairs, flower festivals and horticultural shows are a wonderful education to our people. They not only open our eyes to the possibilities of our climate, but they quicken in the heart a love for beauty that is refining and elevating. They bring us also into sympathy with other peoples. Has not the beautiful chrysanthemum exhibited a awakening in us a feeling of sympathy with the Japanese—that flower-loving nation who gave to this blossom of autumn an imperial place? It has set us to studying their ways and customs, and we find there is much that is admirable in many of their national traits. We think that among a people where such a universal love of flowers exists there must be somewhat of culture and refinement, and we are not surprised to see them shaking off old customs and adopting many of the most desirable features of modern civilization.

There is always a hope for a people who appreciate flowers, because the better elements of human nature must be active before this intense love for the beautiful is given expression. And we of Los Angeles shall find in these floral festivals and fairs an education that will do us good.

Careless habits of expression are faults into which young America is too apt to fall. Lovely young girls lose half of their charms when they fail in proper modes of expression. It was only a few mornings since that "Old Baldy," that monarch among our mountains, lifted himself majestically grand, mantled with clouds, his lofty crest rising proudly above their frowning masses, as if he were greeting the morning. Two of the fairest young ladies of Los Angeles, children of wealth, were upon the street, and the splendid vision attracted their attention. "Oh, look," exclaimed one, "isn't Old Baldy cute this morning?" "Yes, he's too cute for anything," was the response.

It was pitiable—this poverty of expression, and this lack of appreciation of the sublime picture. "Cute!" Could any term have been more inappropriate or inexpressive? Majesty and sublimity was before them, but it was only "cute" to them. It did not inspire or thrill them. I pitied the poor, thoughtless things who had never been taught to read this magnificent poem of spectacular loveliness.

How true is the old adage, "There are no so blind as those who will not see."

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BUSINESS.

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

OFFICE OF THE TIMES,
LOS ANGELES, Nov. 7, 1891.

Shipping men and wheat operators state, says a San Francisco dispatch that never been such a large amount of tonnage in port under charter at any one time. Sixty-nine vessels with a registered tonnage of 115,000 tons are in port under charter, and other vessels of an aggregate of 15,000 tons are disengaged and available for wheat carrying. The actual carrying capacity of all these vessels is 220,000 tons. Fifty-eight vessels were chartered to arrive here, the charterers agreeing to pay a high as \$5 a ton to the United Kingdom. Another 100 vessels for grain were made at least as high, but as 3s to 37s is the highest rate talked of at present, speculators will have to forfeit the charters, and recharter the vessels at a heavy loss or load them with wheat, which at present rates in Liverpool would have to be sold at an equally heavy loss. It is reported that one prominent dealer is holding about \$1,000,000 worth of wheat. Operators estimate that the crop of the Pacific Coast States, Idaho and Utah for this year will yield about 857,000 tons available for export.

The report of the Los Angeles clearing-house for the week ending today is as follows:

Exchanges.	Balances.
Monday.....\$305,067.87	\$ 54,088.77
Tuesday.....140,472.04	27,733.85
Wednesday.....183,500.65	49,803.14
Thursday.....201,435.07	23,666.41
Friday.....125,696.38	33,391.83
Saturday.....105,248.88	13,549.60
Total.....\$1,514,420.87	\$ 202,123.35

CORRESPONDING.

Exchanges.	Balances.
1889-.....\$ 763,288.00	\$ 105,251.25
1890-.....771,716.72	108,100.23

The Bradstreet Mercantile Agency reports 103 failures in the Pacific Coast States and Territories for the month of October, with assets of \$201,897 and liabilities of \$421,904 and liabilities of \$407,505. The failures for the past month are divided among the States and Territories as follows:

State. No. Assets. Liabilities.

California.....6,000 \$140,200 \$295,832

Washington.....20 1,500 102,000 4,000

Oregon.....12 13,400 79,000 3,000

Arizona.....1 1,200 3,000

Totals.....103 202,897 \$421,113

The following are the causes assigned for the failures: Incompetency, 26; inexpérience, 18; inadequate capital for the business undertaken, 38; bad debts, 12; bad debts, 11; bad debts, 1; personal, 1; neglect of business, 2; excessive competition, 2; unfavorable circumstances, floods, fires, etc., 6; speculation, 2; fraud, 8.

There was a sharp advance in flour in this city today. The prices of Northern brands were up 25 cents per barrel more than last week. The local mill men announced that they had moved their figures up 20 cents per barrel. Wheat and corn are also quoted higher.

Fresh ranch eggs were firmer today and sold up to 35 cents per dozen. Eastern eggs are also firm, although somewhat more plentiful, a carload having come in yesterday and more being on the way.

Government bonds steady.

Money, Stocks and Bonds.

NEW YORK, Nov. 7.—MONEY—On call, easy; closing offered at 4 per cent.

PRIME MERCANTILE PAPER—5 3/4%.

STERLING—EXCHANGE—Steady; 60-day bills, 4.80%; demand, 4.83%.

NEW YORK, Nov. 7.—The stock market today was feverish and unsettled. A decline started in after the first hour in which Northern Pacific preferred was most prominent, it dropping 1 1/4 per cent. There was a slight improvement in the final dealings, and the close was active at about the lowest figures of the day.

Government bonds steady.

New York Stocks and Bonds.

In the quotations below, where two sets of figures appear, thus: "Central Pacific, 34-34%", the first figures refer to the soon quotations, and the last to the closing quotations.]

NEW YORK, Nov. 7.

Atchison.....43/4 Or. Imp.....23/4 Am. Cot. Oil.....28 Or. Nav.....70 Am. Express.....117 Or. S. L.....21 Can. Pac.....87 Pac. 6's.....111 Can. South.....58/4 Pac. Mail.....35/4 Cen. Pac.....31 Reading.....36 C. R. & Q.11 R. W.41/2 D. & R.13/4 R. G. W.77/4 D. & R. G.17/4 Rock Isl.79/4 Eric.....37/4 St. Paul.....74 Kan. & Tex.15/4 St. P. & O.31/4 Lake Shore....12/2 Terminal.....13/4 Louis. & N.7/4 Tex. Pac.12/4 Mich. & N.15/4 U. P.39/4 Min. Pac.58/4 U. S. 10c.11/4 N. P. p.70/4 U. S. 2c.93/4 N. W.11/4 N. W. p.138 N. Y. C.11/4 N. Y. C.11/4 North Am.17/4 Lead Trust.....15/4

New York Mining Stocks.

NEW YORK, Nov. 7.

Adams Con.9/4 Iron Silver....1 1/4 Best & Bell.1/4 Mexican....2 10 C. & G.1/4 Missouri....33/4 Con. Cal. & Va 5 00 Opinc.1/4 Deadwood.1/5 Plymouth....2 25 Eureka Con.1/4 Savage....1 25 Gould & Cur.1/2 Sierra Nev.2 00 Homestake....10 50 Standard....1 20 Horn Silver....3 45 Union Con.1/2 Yellow Jack.1/20

San Francisco Mining Stocks.

NEW YORK, Nov. 7.

Best & Bell.1/4 Iron Silver....1 1/4 Mexican....2 10 C. & G.1/4 Missouri....33/4 Con. Cal. & Va 5 00 Opinc.1/4 Deadwood.1/5 Plymouth....2 25 Eureka Con.1/4 Savage....1 25 Gould & Cur.1/2 Sierra Nev.2 00 Homestake....10 50 Standard....1 20 Horn Silver....3 45 Union Con.1/2 Yellow Jack.1/20

Bar Silver.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 7.—BAR SILVER—94% per ounce.

LONDON, Nov. 7.—BAR SILVER—43/4% per ounce.

London Money Markets.

London, Nov. 7.—CONSOLID.—Closing—Money at 94 1/2-10/—do, account at 95 1/2-16/—U. S. 4, 120 1/2; do, 4 1/2, 103, 1/2; 2 per cent.

Boston Stocks.

Boston, Nov. 7.—CLOSING—Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe.1/4 Chicago, Burlington and Quincy, 90%; Mexican Central, common, 10%; San Diego, 16.

GENERAL EASTERN MARKETS.

Grain.

CHICAGO, Nov. 7.—The wheat receipt today were 189,000 bushels; shipments, 38,000 bushels.

Closing quotations: WHEAT—Was quoted steady; cash, 95 1/2; December, 96 3/4; May, 103 1/2.

CORN—Quoted firm; cash 57 1/4; December, 45 1/4.

OATS—Quoted steady; cash, 32 1/4; May, 33 1/2.

RYE—Quoted quiet, 22 1/2@23 1/2.

BARLEY—Quoted easy, 55@59.

FLAX Seed—Quoted 55.

London—Nov. 7.—WHEAT—Holders offer-sparingly, No. 2 red winter, 88 1/2, firm; No. 2 red spring, 84 1/2, firm; No. 3 red, 83 1/2, firm; No. 4 red, 80 1/2, firm; No. 5 red, 78 1/2, firm; No. 6 red, 76 1/2, firm; No. 7 red, 74 1/2, firm.

GENERAL EASTERN MARKETS.

Grain.

CHICAGO, Nov. 7.—MESS. PORK—Steady, cash, 8 3/4%; January, 11 1/2%.

Lard.

CHICAGO, Nov. 7.—LARD—Quoted steady; cash, 6 10; January, 6 22 1/2.

Dry Salted Meats.

CHICAGO, Nov. 7.—DRIED SALT MEATS—Shoulders quoted 5 7/8-6 3/4; short ribs, 6 1/2-7 1/2; short ribs, 5 7/8-6 1/2.

Whisky.

CHICAGO, Nov. 7.—WHISKY—Quoted 18 1/2.

Petroleum.

NEW YORK, Nov. 7.—PETROLEUM—Closed, 57 1/2.

New York Markets.

NEW YORK, Nov. 7.—COFFEE—Options

closed firm, unchanged to 10 points up. The sales were 10,500 bags; No. 11, 85@11 1/2; December, 11, 65@11 1/2; January, 11, 40@11 1/2; May, 11, 10@11 1/2. Spot Rio, firm, 7, 13 1/2%.

Stocks—New firm, fair running, 3 bid; Centrifugals, 96 test, 2%@3 1/2. Refined steady, fair demand.

Hops—Firm; Pacific Coast, 14@18.

Live Stock.

CHICAGO, Nov. 7.—CATTLE—The receipts were 3500; the market steady: natives, 3,10@4 1/2; no extra steers on sale; range, 2,10@3 1/2; cattle, 1,800.

Hogs—The receipts were 35,000; the market was weak and lower; rough and common, 2,60@23 1/2; packers and mixed, 3,80@23 1/2; prime heavy and butchers' weights, 4,00@24 1/2; light, 3,50@23 1/2.

Sheep—The receipts were 2000; the market was weak: natives, 2,50@4 1/2; mixed, 2,25@3 1/2; wethers, 4,50@5 1/2.

SAN FRANCISCO MARKETS.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 7.—[Special to THE TIMES.] The produce markets are firm at the recent advance. Wheat is strong and in good demand at quotations. Offerings are rather light. Farmers are holding back. Barley is also firm, and there is a demand for choice feed grades. Oats and corn are in fair demand and higher. Other cereals are also firm.

The vegetable market is weak and overstocked. Tomatoes and Lins—beans are fairly active. Potatoes are coming in heavily and prices are weak. Onions are steady at quotations, with great demand.

Fresh fruits are plentiful and quiet, with prices unchanged. Grapes are arriving freely and in excess of the demand. Choice apples are doing better.

The market for dairy produce is quiet, with equal prices for fresh roll butter, cheese, Ranch eggs, eggs are firm and scarce. Eastern eggs are higher.

Product.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 7.—WHEAT—Rather easy; buyer, season, 1.89%; buyer, '91, 1.84%.

BAKED—Strong; buyer, season, 1.20%; buyer, '91, 1.13%; seller, '91, 1.12.

COKE—15@18.

BUTTER—Fair to choice, 20@32c.

EGGS—Ranch, 375@40c.

Fruits.

HUCKLEBERRIES—10@12c per pound.

CHAPARRELL—15@21c per box.

GRAPES—15@21c per box.

HOG PLUMS—15@23c for Sweetwater; 23@24c for black; 15@23c for Sweetwater; 23@24c for Isabella; 30@24c for Verdell.

EGGS—Ranch, 35@38c per box.

FRESH VEGETABLES.

SATURDAY, Nov. 7.—WHEAT—

TODAY'S COMPLETE LIST.

[Figures in parentheses, unless otherwise stated, give volume and page of Miscellaneous Records containing recorded maps.]

EDWARD A INGHAM to Noelle D INGHAM, lots 5 and 6, H. S THOMPSON's subdivision for 10 of lot 3 block 16, Lamanda Park (14-47).

TIDES.

NOVEMBER 8.—High water, 3:44 a.m., 1:36 p.m.; low water, 7:59 a.m., 9:11 p.m.

REAL-ESTATE TRANSFERS.

SATURDAY, Nov. 7.

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EDWARD A INGHAM to



Next Tuesday night, at the Grand Operahouse, there will be probably the largest audience of the season assembled to witness the first production in this city of Sardou's version of the story of Cleopatra. It is claimed that the eminent French dramatist does not follow the lines of Shakespeare's tragedy; indeed, he is said to have stated that the Shakespeare creation was not familiar to him at all. Undoubtedly he has preferred to treat his subject entirely from the point of view of a Frenchman, a fact which is not likely to cause any diminution of interest when the acknowledged talent of French writers in the treatment of subjects that have passion for their motive is taken into account. In dealing with modern cases of a similar kind, whether in the form of a romantic passion, a guilty wife and an accomplished Lothario, or in the form of a screaming farce having infidelity to marriage vows and the indulgence of clandestine amours as its motive, the French writers have long been conceded the masters of the theatraic art. Viewed only as a literary production, it will therefore be a matter of much interest to note the treatment accorded by so experienced a playwright and so clever a judge of human nature as Sardou to the fortunes and passionnal experiences of so decidedly improper a person as was the seductive Cleopatra, that enchantress of the Nile, who changed the map of the world by a smile and had fortunes, lives and power subject to her nod.

Close attention is paid by Miss Davenport to all matters of detail connected with the preparation and acting of her plays, and some idea of her thoroughness may be gathered from the account she herself gives of her methods, which is quite interesting:

"My work," she says, "really begins with the selection of the play itself, and my first effort is to thoroughly understand and analyze the plot, and to determine what is in it; to find the motive for every action described, in a word, to master the situation perfectly. I then select my cast to fit the characters, and the company thus chosen must possess individually the requisites in height, style, etc., for the character assigned. The next step is to identify each member with the part assigned. If the play is a tragedy, I have to keep up every member of my company reading fully the history upon which it is founded. The accessories, such as costumes, scenery and properties, must be selected with care and caution, accuracy and truth in every detail. Before the production of Cleopatra, I spent months in visiting the museums of Europe where Egyptian objects and scenes were stored, and the drawings of these were upon the spot. There is not an article of dress or stage property used in that play that is not an exact counterpart of Egyptian and Roman accuracy."

Lastly come the rehearsals when the characters are letter perfect in their parts. Then comes the part of advertising myself. The public can never realize the labor of superintending rehearsals. They see only the rich mosaic in its completeness and symmetry, not the rough pieces of patch-work necessary to produce the picture. When I say that I have spent hours in exacting perfection in the tone and gesticulation of each part, you may not believe it; but it is true. Every detail may be gained. Time is not time wasted. Faithfulness in details is what constitutes perfection. This truth I learned in childhood, for I was almost born on the stage, of professional parents. It was my playhouse and school. I am aware that these seeming trifles are much neglected nowadays. Indeed, in very many cases, the public absolutely demand that every character, from the greatest to the smallest, keep in action consistent with the play. A character on the stage with nothing to do is useless. The Roman soldier in attitude and bearing must be a Roman soldier ever, and never a supernumerary. Silence must be expressive; repose, picturesque.

From time to time the rehearsals, and the play has evolved from the chrysalis to the butterfly. The prompter is ready, the curtain is raised, and then—I read in a few hours the result of a year of labor. Thank heaven! that result has always been successful thus far in my career, and the one moment of the triumph I experience amply repays me for every effort expended. In that triumph, the first spring unbunden and the heart will throb as though bursting. The emotions of ambition satisfied can never be described."

So much has already been said about the mechanical details connected with the forthcoming production of Cleopatra, that further repetition seems unnecessary. Car-loads of scenery, scores of people and an opulent display of all the modern stage resources in the way of costumes and accessories, have extorted the admiration of the public in each place where the spectacle has been given, and it is faithfully promised on the part of the management that everything will be produced here exactly in the same manner as elsewhere by the same company.

The appearance of Lillian Russell as a star has been hailed as an important event in New York, where a sovereign bearing the title of "Queen of the Dudes" is a personage whose actions are of consequence. The verdict seems to be that Miss Russell is as good looking as ever, and her acting is said to have improved. Of *La Cigale* it is thought that "while the audience showed a desire to applaud everything good, this ardor was dampened by the paucity of incident, prosaic dialogue, and funeral effort at wit found in the second act. Miss Russell has an expansive but ill-chosen company. The baritons, Tagliapetra, is an artist, but with little capacity for comic opera. Of the tenor, Streitmann, a German importation, it is said: "If ever a singer obtruded more damnable grimaces and smirks upon a helpless public the amusement record fails to disclose the fact. The music of the piece is not in Audran's best manner—more like *Gillette de Narbonne* than like *La Mascotte*."

Of *The Country Circus* which has been produced at Philadelphia a critic writes, "Only a mind guilty of the conception of the tank drama could have perpetrated such an attractive outrage so unblushingly." If this adequately describes the piece its financial success may be predicted with confidence. *A Country Circus* is called "a spectacular comedy." A rural play like *The Old Homestead* occupies the first half; then comes the spectacular el-

ement. A circus street parade is shown, and afterward a performance in the ring. Of course these things cannot be as well done on the stage as they are in their proper sphere. A street parade is much better on the street than in a theater, and a circus under canvas is better than one between wings; yet by strange perverseness the public will pay \$1.50 for seeing the imitations of what they may see in the original for 50 cents or for nothing."

A. W. Pinero's new play, *The Times*, was produced at Terry's Theater, London, October 24. For practically the first time the critics had a copy of the play furnished them the day before the performance, and as the audience filed out after the fall of the curtain each was presented with a book. This innovation, which was made possible by the passage of the American copyright law, will raise afresh the whole question of literature on the stage.

Lillian Lewis, who was announced as intending to favor this city with a dramatic treat, is not coming after all. Perhaps she decided wisely, for the San Francisco papers say that her success was not pronounced in that city; indeed, it is hinted that her rendering of the heroine of *Article 47* did not draw enough to pay her gas bills. One critic says that in picturing insanity Miss Lewis "has hit upon an entirely novel method, which lies in an excellent imitation of a locomotive engine whistling the danger signal. It convulsed the house and ought to make a fortune."

Of *Hoss and Hoss*, which was lately given in Brooklyn, the opinion of New York's suburb is that it "is beneath criticism; in another way it defies criticism, and in every way it is independent of criticism." It is conceded, however, that audiences will be pleased by the efforts made by Charles Reed and William Collier to entertain them.

Archibald Gunter, author of "Mr. Barnes of New York" and "Mr. Potter of Texas," has superintended the production of a dramatization of the latter novel which is to be produced in Chicago. The opening scenes of the book are left out, including the bombardment of Alexandria, and the play begins with the arrival of the principal characters in England.

Although Francis Wilson and *The Merry Monarch* have not been patronized with the liberality that characterized their first engagement at the New York Broadway Theater, still audiences have been of profitable proportions, and Mr. Wilson will not produce a new piece until after the holidays. The comedian says that his new opera will be called *The Lion Tamer*, and it is reported that the scenes will be laid in Russia.

[From Dunlap's Stage News.]

George Barret's English company disbanded at Syracuse, N. Y., Oct. 26. Fanny Rice is not satisfied with *A Jolly Surprise*, and is looking for a new play.

The Mary Eastlake English company is to be reorganized under the management of H. S. Taylor.

Frederick De Belleville will play the hero in *Thermidor* after J. Forbes Robertson leaves the cast to return to England.

McKee Rankin will take his *Canuck* Company across the continent on Thursday, opening at San Francisco November 9.

McKee Rankin and Frank Mayo will, after all, not star jointly. Rankin has gone to the Pacific Coast, and Henry Lee, just arrived from London, takes his place as co-star with Mr. Mayo.

Dr. Hamilton Griffin, stepfather of Mary Anderson-Navarro, arrived from England last week. He states that Mrs. Navarro is now residing at Tunbridge Mills, near London, and that she does not contemplate returning to the state.

Manager J. M. Hill, who broke his left leg just below the knee, at Bridgeport, last week, has been removed to his rooms in the Imperial Hotel in New York. Mr. Hill received 300 telegrams of condolence from friends during the day after the accident.

The most important theatrical news in Germany is the sailing for America, October 23 and 24, of 120 members of the company and staff of the famous Meiningen Court Theater. The artistic triumphs of this company will be reproduced at the Thalia in New York.

Jennie O'Neill Potter, who has just returned after a successful tour in England, will open her season at the Berkley Lyceum, New York, some time in November. She will appear in a monologue entitled *Flirts and Matrons*, written by Robert J. Morris. It is a satire on the Seven Ages of Women, and depicts among them the school girl, amateur actor, bride and grandmother.

"Miss Marie Burroughs," according to the Chicago Herald, "shared the honors bestowed on Mr. Willard on the reappearance of that actor in *The Mid-deman* in Chicago. The Tribune says: 'The beauty and gentleness of Miss Burroughs are surely growing on playgoers.' No young actress of late has so wisely guided her own career to ultimate success in her profession as this talented girl has done."

Alexander Salvin has been playing to immense business in the Western cities, the prices having most everywhere been raised to \$1.50. Last week he entered upon a tour of the principal Southern cities, going as far as New Orleans. He will in Memphis put on *Orpheus* for the first time, and is now busy with rehearsals, using his father's original prompt book for that play. Salvin's phenomenal success in the standard romantic plays is proof positive of the awakening interest in this class of the drama.

It was a dismal, rainy night in a one-night stand in Indiana. The depressed comedians were trying their best to be funny in a farcical skit called *Early in the Morning*. The manager, Will McConnell was moodily pacing the gloomy foyer and wondering how he would get to the next town. The advance agent of the troupe to follow entered and cheerfully inquired how "business was." "Fine," replied McConnell, with enthusiasm. "Great! splendid! I've been out seven weeks now, and all I have sent my wife is the route!"

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

THE NEW Roller Process Spices are the finest in the market. Go to Seymour & Johnson Co.'s for them: 216 S. Spring st.

HARNESS, SADDLERY, WHIPS, ETC.—A good stock at M. H. Gustin's 109 N. Broadway, opposite TEE TIMES office.

THE BEST brands of sardines always on hand. W. Chamberlain & Co., 213 S. Broadway.

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TRUFFLED sardines at H. Jevne's, 136 and 138 N. Spring.

Everything on Wheels can be found at Harvey, King & Co.'s. They are agents for the celebrated Columbus buggies and Binghamton fancy buckboards.

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Ask your physician and druggist for his opinion of the EAGLE BRAND.
AS A FOOD FOR INFANTS IT HAS NO EQUAL.

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AMONG THE ARABS.

"Claude Payne" a Guest at an Arabian Wedding.

"The Bridegroom Cometh," and How He is Met.

A Glance at Female Apparel—A Symphony in Red Stockings.

In a Mosque—The Howling Dervishes As to "Degradation"—A Petrified Forest—The Bedouins Up and Doing.

Cairo (Egypt), Oct. 12, 1891.—[Special Correspondence of The Times.] Oh, these Arabs! They are a never-ending source of amusement and wonder. A few days ago I was invited to attend a wedding of one of the principal Arabs of the city, and being curious to attend such an affair I bestrode my donkey and went. My Arab guide followed behind at a lively gait and seemed very fresh after running behind me in his bare feet for the distance of three miles. This was at 10 o'clock at night, to meet the bridegroom and procession, who were walking along in the high-way. They were carrying candles, torchlights and bouquets. Dancing in oriental style, and reed bands playing Arabic music were some of the interesting features. This was the bridegroom's part of the wedding. He expected to reach the house at any time between 12 and 8 o'clock the next morning. You see, they were taking things slow and easy. Every few moments they would stop and sit down, sing a few lines, dance and sometimes fight, and then proceed. All this



ARAB MOTHER AND CHILD.
[From a photograph.]

time the bride was at the house waiting for the bridegroom to come, as is the usual custom. She was joking and gossiping with her friends, I presume, after the custom of females in general. When the bridegroom is seen coming, or they hear the music, the cry is raised,

"THE BRIDEGROOM COMETH; go and meet him!" I have no doubt that this was the kind of wedding referred to in the gospel, for it seemed quite like it—I mean the wedding referred to in Mathew, 25th chapter. Some of you may have read it. Well, anyway, they came out and met him and all went in and we had an Arabic feast. They had a lot of queer dishes, but all quite nicely prepared. As a mark of special respect at my being present, the host took a small piece of bread between his thumb and finger, dipped it in a bit of gravy and meat and put it in my mouth.

I had been previously told by my guide that they would likely show me this great mark of respect, and he urged me that I must, under no consideration, refuse it.

After the feast the pair were declared, or rather generally accepted, as married.

THE TRAFFIC IN MATRIMONY.

Before all this ceremony, however, (usually twenty days) the would-be bridegroom goes to the father of the intended and begins a bargain for his daughter. You see, he must buy her. He offers probably three pounds sterling, and the old gent kicks and rears, and says naughty words, if he don't think it enough. Finally, they either trade or the ambitious young Arab is kicked out, who then and there pronounces them married. Afterward the procession business is completed. The average Arab has four wives, which I believe is the highest number permitted under Mohammedan law. I stopped an ordinary workingman on the street the other day, and asked him how many wives he



AT PRAYER
[From a photograph.]

had, and he promptly held up four fingers and seemed very proud of the fact.

SUNDAYS GALORE.

The next day was Friday, the Arabic Sunday. By the way, there are more Sundays in Egypt than in America. They have three. Friday is Arabic Sunday, Saturday the Jewish Sunday, and Sunday the European Sabbath, the same as in our own country. As a matter of fact, however, there are no Sundays at all, if you count the Sabbath as a day of rest. A few Arabs close their places of business on Friday, a few Jews on Saturday, and most of the English-speaking people on Sunday. Well, this especial Friday I got permission to

attend the religious ceremony of the Arabs, known as the "HOWLING DERVISHES."

This service is held at one of the old mosques in the city. When I arrived I was conducted to the large open court, which is a part of every mosque, where all the participants washed their hands and faces. This is imperative before going through any Mohammedan service, and you will always find a fountain in the open space for this purpose. Then coffee was passed around, a few songs were sung and all were conducted into the inner room. I wish I were able to tell you just what kind of a service they had, but it is impossible. I'll do the best I can:

First, the occupants all sat down in a circle, the priest being the central figure. All sat tailor-fashion. The priest turned his face toward Mecca, where Mohammed is buried, kissed the floor a few times, and then they began the howling. First, they started off making a noise like a thousand bumblebees, all in the same "pitch" of voice. They gradually grew louder and louder, till it resembled the roar of a mad bull. Their bodies began to sway to an fro, all in the same motion. Then they got up on their feet, still keeping up the roar. The priest selected one of the fanatics and stood him in the ring. He turned round and round in one direction till he had turned round no less than 200 times. I looked every moment for him to fall, but he did not. All this time the flute player kept up a low "one, three, five, eight," to keep them in tune. They grew so crazy from excitement that they began to think my life endangered. They would sometimes cut themselves with lances till the blood would run all over their clothes. Then they brought in a lot of drums, and these, with the howling fanatics and the flute, made a din and a scene enough to remind one of hell itself.

Without any warning, they all stopped, shook hands with the priest, kissed their hands after so doing, and touching the forehead and breast, went out. There was an Englishman behind me, and he said: "How degrading! I never want to see such a thing again." I quite agreed with him at the time, especially the part that I never wanted to see it again. But I walked down the street a little way, and passed a French café. Inside were almost all kinds of people, French, Italians, English and one or two Americans—in first-class standing, too, in America. There was a female orchestra playing (those that were not too drunk,) and drunken men and women were plentiful. Then I got puzzled to know just which was the most degraded, the Arabs or these "enlightened people." I have been puzzled ever since, but maybe you can figure it out for me.

A REVERENT ARAB.

These Mohammedans are not all so degraded as you may think. I will tell you how one of them made me blush the other day. I was standing in an Indian curiosity and silk store admiring the many beautiful silks and cashmeres for which they are so celebrated, and an Arab clerk—a Mohammedan—gave me in change a new piece of Egyptian money. I saw in Arabic on the coin the year 1293. "To what does that refer?" I asked him. He said: "What does your year 1891 mean?" "Why, 1891 years since the birth of Christ," I replied. "Ah," he said, "just so does 1293 refer to the 1293 year since the birth of Mohammed." As he uttered the word "Mohammed," he removed his cap, and fixing his eyes on the floor and standing in an attitude of deepest reverence, he added: "God bless him." I felt ashamed that he had spoken so reverently and so lightly.

THE ARABIC WOMEN.

are very modest in their ways. They wear, when on the street, or in fact when anywhere that they can be seen by men, a kind of headpiece which



A PRAYING SINNER.
[From a photograph.]

comes to the eyebrows. Then just below the eyes is a thick, black crepe veil covering all the face except the eyes. The rest of the costume, so far as I am able to say, consists of a long loose robe fastened around the neck and at the knees.

A SYMPHONY IN STOCKINGS.

Some go barefoot and some nicely "shod." As an instance, I was driving to my hotel one day on the road from the Pyramids. I saw coming toward me an Arab woman, her veil having fallen loosely around her neck. As soon as she saw coming what she termed a gentleman, she at once adjusted her veil so that only her eyes were visible. "How modest," I thought, when she came to a spot in the road where some water had leaked out of an irrigating ditch. She wore a long, loose black silk robe, and as soon as she spied the water she at once gathered up her skirts, revealing a dainty pair of red Turkish leather slippers, encasing about a No. 2 foot. The slippers were all done in gold, and surmounted by a pair of fiery red hose, and some Maltese lace. You must excuse my noticing so closely, but being a newspaper man, it struck me as being so queer she would hide her face and—But let us turn from the embarrassing scene. . . . By the way, what was I talking about any way? Howling dervishes, or something. Well, I send a photo which will show you the costume of the women, and the novel way they carry their children. Most of them will sell their children for about 800 piasters (about \$14.50.)

THE BEDOUINS

are an interesting tribe, living out in the burning sands of the desert, about eight miles from Cairo. I went out there to see them the other day. They are as near like a monkey as any thing you will find if you call it a man. They live in holes in the sand. Their eyes are very small, black and keen, and they can see a long distance. Their costumes are not so elaborate as the Arabs, often consisting of a small piece of shoe leather strapped on the bottom of the foot. If there was anything more I did not discover it. The men are very kind, and know the desert like a book. In fact, they have saved many lives by finding lost travelers and returning them safely to their homes. Out near these Bedouins is

THE PETRIFIED FOREST.

Great masses of petrified wood lay around in all directions. In fact this forest covers an area of at least thirty square miles. It is undoubtedly petrified.

fed wood, as some of the trunks of the trees are still standing, with projecting limbs, making a weird and desolate-looking picture. There are no trees resembling this wood in all Egypt. The Arabs have a pretty legend they tell about this forest, and which they firmly believe. They say that once this forest was a beautiful garden of fruit, trees and flowers, and it had a master who was wealthy. He was standing at one of the entrances one day when the prophet Mohammed passed by and asked for some fruit. The master refused him, telling him with an oath that there was no fruit there. Whereupon the prophet was angry, and commanded that all the fruits and trees should turn to stone. For many years some splendid specimens of petrified fruits were found, but they are now very rare. However, there are plenty of petrified trees.

There are lots of other interesting things around Cairo, such as the Islands of Rhodes, where Moses was found in the bullrushes (as they say,) the mosques, Joseph's Well, where Joseph was "shook" and dumped by his brethren, Moses's Spring, and many others, of which I will tell you later.

CLAUDE PAYNE.

LAY SERMONS.

One of the most comforting thoughts which we have of our Heavenly Father is that which assures us that He cares for us *always*—that He is interested, not alone in the great things of life which concern us, but in all the so-called lesser things with which we have to do. So infinite is He that all the thoughts of all earth's millions are open to His sight. We are never alone, for His presence is with us *always*. He knows just what we are, just what we need. He never will misjudge us and He will never fail us if we are His children.

"But what is it to be a child of God," do you say? "If I am a good citizen and lead a good moral life and do just as near right as I know how, isn't that enough?"

No, there is something more than that needed. Spiritual life is not a thing to be slowly evolved from a long process of well doing. The natural man is dead, spiritually, and he cannot discern the things which are of God. Sin has set its stamp upon the human race, and "the carnal," or natural, mind is at enmity with God. Can you imagine any process by which life may be infused into the inorganic masses of earth's granite or its marble? Any process by which they may be brought up to a warm, thrilling sense of organic being? No, the granite must be forever senseless, and the marble forever cold and lifeless. It cannot lay hold even upon the vegetable world and say, "I am a part of your kingdom. I know what your life is, and I share it with you." No process of evolution can lift the rock into the realm of life and growth and make its veins throb with the warmth of the sunlight or respond to the nursing elements of the soil. There is no power that can bridge the chasm that lies between the inorganic and the organic world. And so there is no power of human morality or human effort that can bridge that awful and mysterious chasm which lies between the natural and the spiritual man. The whole natural man must become regenerated, must be born again—born into a new life before he can partake of that spiritual nature which characterizes the true child of God.

Strange and mysterious change! The wind bloweth where it listeth, and ye hear the sound thereof, but ye cannot tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth, so is every one that is born of the spirit."

With this new birth comes a sense of God's nearness to His children. "For I will come unto you and take up my abode with you," is the promise given; and this sense of God's indwelling presence is one of the great joys of the Christian's life. God is in him, filling his life with joy; with a peace that passeth understanding; with a hope that maketh not ashamed, and with an assurance that all "earth's light afflictions which are but for a moment, shall work for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." Doubt has no room in his soul, for is not God there? Fear does not trouble him, for does not God rule? Earth's cares and burdens do not crush him, for is not Christ our great burden-bearer? He bears our infirmities; He remembers that we are but dust, and He will not try us beyond what we are able to bear.

Now, no long life of morality or of simple benevolent action can bring a man into this frame of mind which recognizes this divine presence in the heart, and which kindles a perfect trust in the loving and forgiving mercy of an infinite father. These things must be spiritually discerned, and there is no power but the pardoning love of God that can bridge over the great chasm that lies between the unregenerate and the regenerate man—no power but that of the Spirit of God that can quicken the natural heart into spiritual life—a life that is in accord with eternal goodness and eternal love. Nicodemus, that wise master of Israel, wondered at the mystery of this new birth.

"The same came to Jesus by night, and said unto Him, Rebbi, we know that thou art a teacher come from God, for no man can do these miracles that thou doest, except God be with him."

"Jesus answered and said unto him, verily, verily I say unto thee, except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God."

"Nicodemus saith unto him, how can a man be born again when he is old? Can he enter the second time into his mother's womb and be born?"

"Jesus answered, verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born of the water and of the spirit he cannot enter into the kingdom of God."

"That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the spirit is spirit."

"Marvel not that I said unto thee, ye must be born again."

We can fancy how the heart of the old Jewish ruler was stirred to hear this new doctrine. And it evidently troubled him. But then came Christ's words of infinite comfort which made all things clear—words spoken not alone for him, but for us as well who live after him: "For God so loved the world that he gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

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